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The Problem of the Gunpowder Plot.

(In reply to Professor Gardiner.)

FIRST ARTICLE.

HAVING ventured in a recent publication,¹ to express my disbelief in the received history of the famous Powder Plot, I cannot but rejoice that my conclusions should have elicited the formal criticism of an authority so eminent as Professor Gardiner. Arguments which are sound, must necessarily gain in cogency when carefully sifted, and if mine be unsound, the sooner they are swept away the better, for the question at issue is too important to be obscured by sophistry or special pleading.

For the tone and temper of Mr. Gardiner's attack on my position,² I have every reason to be grateful. As the nature of the case imperatively requires, he hits straight and speaks plainly, concerning whatever seems to him defective in my method or my reasoning. At the same time, he manifestly desires to be fair, and to meet every difficulty with a sufficient answer. More than this, he peremptorily sweeps away the one allegation which has been supposed to invest the history of the Plot with any legitimate importance, namely, that it was the work of English Catholics as a body, that it was, in fact, as the Anglican Calendar long described it, "The Papists' Conspiracy." Nothing could be more satisfactory than his pronouncement upon this all-important point. It is something new to find an English historian of eminence expressing himself in such terms as these.³

No candid person can feel surprise that any English Roman Catholic, especially a Roman Catholic priest, should feel anxious to wipe away the reproach which the Plot has brought upon those who share his faith. Not merely were his spiritual predecessors subjected to

¹ *What was the Gunpowder Plot?* Osgood, McIlvaine and Co., 1896.

² *What Gunpowder Plot was.* By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, D.C.L., LL.D. Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Longmans and Co., 1897.

³ P. 2.

a persecution borne with the noblest and least self-assertive constancy, simply in consequence of what is now known to all historical students to have been the entirely false charge that the Plot emanated from, or was approved of by the English Roman Catholics as a body, but this false belief prevailed so widely, that it must have hindered, to no slight extent, the spread of that organization, which he regards as having been set forth by divine institution for the salvation of mankind.

Did we not know by sad experience that bad history is invulnerable, we might expect to hear no more of the "entirely false charge," so recklessly repeated by ill-informed or prejudiced writers and speakers.

But, whilst fully exonerating Catholics as a body, Professor Gardiner strenuously maintains that the conspiracy was wholly and solely the work of a small knot of individual Catholics—the thirteen men who suffered for it on the scaffold, or died in the field—and although he acknowledges¹ that even as concerns them the Government must bear a share of the blame, as having goaded them beyond the limits of endurance, he altogether rejects the idea that the plotters were unwittingly used as tools for ministerial purposes, or that the true story of their proceedings was in any material particular different from what we have been accustomed to believe.

Here it is that we part company, and his attack upon my position begins. Without going into particulars, for which readers must be referred to the book in which I have set forth my argument at large, I must be allowed briefly to indicate its essential features.

I maintain that the story of the Gunpowder Plot commonly accepted—which was that originally circulated by the Government of the day—is not, and cannot be, true. It seems to me impossible to believe that the Government, or some of its principal members, were not aware of the conspirators' proceedings long before they professed to discover them: and if they had such knowledge whilst simulating ignorance, it is obvious that the real facts of the case are quite different from what has commonly been supposed: that it was not the King's Ministers who were almost involved in unforeseen ruin, but Guy Faukes and his fellows, who were allowed in fancied security to consummate their own destruction. Should this prove to be the true account, it will hardly be denied that the transaction assumes a character quite different from that with which it has

¹ P. 8.

hitherto been invested, and illustrates not so much the lengths to which a few desperate men were prepared to go, as the dexterity with which such men could be utilized by statesmen for the accomplishment of political objects, for it is a patent fact that the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot ensured the continuance during many years of a policy of intolerance towards the Catholics of England, and equally certain that nothing so powerfully contributed to this result, as the belief, sedulously fostered by the Government, that they and the entire nation had suddenly found themselves on the brink of destruction at the hands of Catholics, and had been preserved from an appalling and wholly unsuspected catastrophe only by a lucky chance, which deserved to be termed miraculous.

It is with this fundamental point that my argument is primarily concerned. I maintain that the account of the Plot furnished by the Government is manifestly untrue in regard of this essential feature of the story, and that the pains they took to obtain credence for this falsehood sufficiently testify to its importance for their purposes.

With their knowledge of the conspiracy the question of the Monteagle letter is necessarily connected. It was by this alone, they declared, that they obtained any information of the impending danger ; but I agree with such writers as Mr. Jardine and Professor Brewer in considering this famous communication to have been merely a device to conceal the truth as to the manner in which they became cognizant of the conspiracy, and the time at which they obtained such knowledge.

Finally, I find it extremely difficult to believe that the conspirators ever did some of the things they are said to have done. If they really performed the actions ascribed to them, it becomes more than ever impossible to suppose that their proceedings eluded the observation of the authorities. If, on the other hand, they never did what they are alleged to have done, the narrative, of which such allegations form an integral part, forfeits all claim to consideration. The mine which the plotters are said to have endeavoured to dig beneath the House of Lords, with the intention of storing in it their powder, is the principal example of what I mean.

Professor Gardiner, on his side, maintains that the account to which we are accustomed is in all important respects unimpeachable. "My hypothesis is," he writes,¹ "that the

¹ P. 13.

traditional story is true—cellar, mine, the Monteagle letter and all," and it is the object of his book to show that there is nothing in the evidence we possess which impugns its substantial truthfulness. The arguments which I have alleged—or a certain number of them—he weighs and finds wanting, and feels compelled to repudiate alike my method and my conclusions.¹

Having carefully, and I trust fairly, considered all that Professor Gardiner says in support of this judgment, I confess to finding my former opinions unaltered. I venture to think that the method I adopted was a perfectly legitimate method, and that my conclusions are not weakened but strengthened by the new tests to which they have been subjected, and I proceed to give some of my reasons.

I.

To begin with the question of method, to which Mr. Gardiner rightly attaches supreme importance, inasmuch as it must needs underlie everything else. His first objection to mine is thus formulated by himself.²

I object to [Father Gerard's] criticism as purely negative. He holds that the evidence in favour of the traditional story breaks down, but he has nothing to substitute for it. He has not made up his mind whether Salisbury invented the whole Plot or part of it, or merely knew of its existence, and allowed its development till a fitting time arrived for its suppression. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not for an instant complain of a historian for honestly avowing that he has not sufficient evidence to warrant a positive conclusion. What I do complain of is that Father Gerard has not started any single hypothesis wherewith to test the evidence on which he relies, and has thereby neglected the most potent instrument of historical investigation. When a door-key is missing, the householder does not lose time in deplored the intricacy of the lock, he tries every key at his disposal to see whether it will fit the lock, and only sends for the locksmith when he finds that his own keys are useless. So it is with historical inquiry, at least in cases such as that of the Gunpowder Plot, where we have a considerable mass of evidence before us. Try, if need be, one hypothesis after another—Salisbury's guilt, his connivance, his innocence, or what you please. Apply them to the evidence, and when one fails to unlock the secret, try another. Only when all imaginable keys have failed have you a right to call the public to witness your avowal of incompetence to solve the riddle.

¹ P. 3.

² P. 12. I take Professor Gardiner's objections in the order which seems to me the most easy to follow.

I must confess myself altogether unable to follow Mr. Gardiner upon this point, and his remarks appear to exemplify the facility with which a fallacy may insinuate itself under cover of an illustration. Neither can I see that our methods are essentially different. We agree that the traditional or official story, being in possession, has a right to be first examined. We alike examine it, but while he pronounces in its favour, as tallying with the known facts of the case, I come to an opposite conclusion. The only question which would seem to arise is as to which of us is right, and this, as will be seen, I am quite ready to meet. But Mr. Gardiner appears to argue, that because my conclusion, being adverse to the account hitherto accepted, is only negative or destructive, I ought not to announce it, until I have found, or at least until I have exhausted every imaginable supposition in trying to find, a story of my own with which the evidence can be made to square.

But why so? If the key examined in the first instance be really found not to fit the lock, no examination of other keys will make it do so. The result of my inquiries may be negative, but, if these inquiries have been rightly conducted, their result is final, and is a distinct addition to our information.

Moreover, why should we go in quest of other solutions of the problem, unless we have some reason to believe that the true one can be found? Here, as seems to me, the fallacy comes in. In the case of a material lock, it is morally certain that some key will open it, and, should this not be the case, as Mr. Gardiner reminds us, there still remain locksmiths. But with such an historical problem as this, it is quite otherwise. If the true key be not that presented to us by the Government of the day, there can be little doubt that it is lost beyond hope of recovery. The official story of the Plot is acknowledged by writers, such as Mr. Jardine, who can be suspected of no hostile bias, and who have even accepted its details as substantially accurate, to be a dishonest and unscrupulous production, of no authority, carefully manufactured for the express purpose of leading the public mind in a particular direction.¹ Supposing a story totally different from that which it relates to be the true one, is there any sort of likelihood that the men who composed and circulated this so carefully, should have allowed evidence to remain in existence which would suffice

¹ Jardine's *Criminal Trials*, ii. 4, 5.

for the construction of a narrative diametrically opposed to theirs? When statesmen engage in underhand transactions, they must pull many strings, and approach their desired end by such tortuous paths as seem least likely to be detected. If in the case before us anything of the kind took place, can we suppose that at this distance of time, and with no documentary evidence at our disposal, except what has been transmitted by the authors of the traditional account, we shall be able to piece together the broken threads of this complex web? But even although we cannot discover the truth, it may be quite possible to satisfy ourselves that the story which we are asked to believe is untrue, and that the evidence produced in support of it breaks down when closely examined. I believe that we can do this, and that it is all we can do.

On the other hand, there appears to be much truth in Dr. Lingard's view,¹ that nothing so much conduces to the perversion of history as the introduction of hypotheses and speculations not necessarily suggested by established facts. An hypothesis is a dangerous tool to handle, and a writer who starts with one is apt to be too easily satisfied with arguments to sustain it, and to borrow from imagination or conjecture what is required for his purpose. Mr. Gardiner himself tells us: "Nothing—as I have learnt by experience—is so likely as a false theory to blind the eyes to existing evidence."² I cannot but think that in the present instance he has plentifully illustrated the reality of this danger.

Neither can I think that, in such a case, the results of merely destructive criticism are entirely negative. A verdict for the defendant is sometimes equivalent to an indictment of the plaintiff, and since the days of Daniel many a cross-examiner, by merely discrediting the story told by an accuser, has made him change places with the accused. Should the Government's account of the Gunpowder Plot be proved unworthy of credence, we shall inevitably be forced to conclude that those who fabricated that account played a part in the affair which they were extremely anxious should not be known; while, as an eighteenth century writer³ not unreasonably argues, if they played a part at all, then it was a principal one.

Another charge which Professor Gardiner brings regards

¹ *History of England* (Fifth Edition), Preface, xxvi.

² P. 107.

³ *Essay towards a new History of the Gunpowder Plot*, Introduction. London, 1765.

my use of evidence, as to which he expresses himself very strongly. "It is plain," he writes,¹ "as the *Edinburgh Review* has shown, that Father Gerard is unversed in the methods of historical inquiry which have guided recent scholars." And again:² "It seems strange to find a writer so regardless of what is, in these days, considered the first canon of historical inquiry, that evidence worth having must be almost entirely the evidence of contemporaries who are in a position to know something about that which they assert." He goes on to cite with approval the rule laid down by the late Mr. Spedding:³ "When a thing is asserted as a fact, always ask who first reported it, and what means he had of knowing the truth."

This is doubtless excellent, but it is likewise somewhat obvious, and scarcely seems to require the high authority of Mr. Spedding to recommend it. How far I have disregarded so plain an injunction of common-sense I must leave my readers to determine. But does it necessarily follow that no evidence regarding an event which is not contemporary is of any value at all?

In the first place, Professor Gardiner himself tells us the contrary, for "tradition is worth something, at all events when it is not too far removed from its source." But the existence of tradition must necessarily be demonstrated by evidence contemporary with the tradition, and not with the event to which it refers. It seems therefore hard to understand his point when he goes on to say that he must regard the whole of my chapter dealing with "The Opinion of Contemporaries and Historians" as absolutely worthless.⁴ It is surely something to show that from the moment when the Plot was first divulged there appear to have been many who disbelieved the official account, and that a like incredulity prevailed widely for more than a century. This is what the evidence I have adduced seems to establish, and although the argument which it furnishes is far from being in itself conclusive, which I never supposed it to be, I cannot think that it is wholly without value.

It appears, moreover, that historians of later date may legitimately be cited, if they had the same grounds as we have on which to base a judgment, being called, not as witnesses to the fact, but as experts in the interpretation of evidence. This, Professor Gardiner seems to disallow. He dismisses the opinion

¹ P. 3.

² P. 4.

³ P. 5.

⁴ P. 6.

of Professor Brewer, for example, with the observation that he wrote in the nineteenth century.¹ True; but he had access to the same documents which are open to us, and I quoted him to show that the conclusion he drew from them was, in a certain particular, the same as mine. If all nineteenth century writers are to be at once ruled out of court, we who live in the closing years of that century are spending labour to no purpose upon the present discussion.

Again: even though a critic may not have had access to all the evidence we now possess, he may be a good witness as to the meaning of what was before him. An excellent example is suggested by a point on which Professor Gardiner severely criticizes one of my statements. I had said that while engaged in digging their abortive mine, the conspirators, "ridiculous as is the supposition," appear to have been ignorant of the existence above their heads of the large "cellar" which they subsequently hired; and I cited in corroboration a history of the Plot published in 1678 (which I erroneously ascribed to Bishop Barlow of Lincoln), and the more recent testimony of Mr. Tierney. Professor Gardiner replies: "The supposition would be ridiculous enough if it were not a figment of Father Gerard's own brain,"² and he goes on to declare that in making such an assertion I rely upon the authority of witnesses whose evidence, as he elsewhere explains,³ may at once be brushed away as worthless, since they lived so long after the event. Their testimony, it would seem, might at least serve to show that the objectionable supposition was a figment of their brains as well as mine, but it was not for this purpose that I quoted it. They were as fully acquainted as we with the only piece of evidence which throws any light upon the question, the published confession of Guy Faukes, which seems to me—although Professor Gardiner thinks otherwise—clearly to imply that the conspirators did not know of the existence of the cellar till a late period of their operations, and I called my witnesses to show that they understood his words in the same sense as I, and that this was therefore their legitimate signification.⁴

But in addition to such considerations, there appears to be

¹ P. 7.

² P. 106.

³ P. 84.

⁴ Faukes says: "As they were working upon the wall, they heard a rushing in a cellar of removing of coals; whereupon we feared we had been discovered, and they sent me to go to the cellar, who, finding that the coals were a-selling, and that the cellar was to be let, viewing the commodity thereof for our purpose, Percy went and hired the same for yearly rent."

no doubt whatever that the supposition which Mr. Gardiner acknowledges to be so absurd, and represents as having been so recently and vainly imagined, was an integral part of the story from the beginning. A French contemporary writer, whose account of the Plot is amongst our State Papers, tells us, in so many words, that the existence of the cellar was unknown to the miners until they had been for a long time at work upon the wall beneath it.¹ Even more explicit is the testimony of Father Greenway in his Italian narrative of the Plot, in which he evidently incorporates the version of the tale generally current.²

It would moreover appear that in his anxiety to dispose of hostile witnesses, Mr. Gardiner sometimes satisfies himself with arguments by no means satisfactory. A writer, of the year 1673, alleges that Lord Cobham testified to having heard James I. speak of the 5th of November as "Cecil's holiday." On this, Mr. Gardiner observes: "Lord Cobham (Richard Temple) was created a peer in 1669, so that the story is given on very second-hand evidence indeed."³ But, in the first place, Richard Temple's birth, not his creation, occurred in 1669,⁴ and he cannot therefore be supposed to have ever heard King James say anything. In the second place, as is evident, he was not the Lord Cobham in question, who was quite a different man, of a different family—John Brooke, restored to his title by Charles I. in 1645. As first cousin to Cecil's wife, Brooke would naturally take particular notice of all which concerned her husband.

Another witness cited by me argues that King James cannot have believed the Plot to have been genuine, since the sons of Sir Everard Digby, one of the conspirators, "were both knighted soon after." Such an assertion, in Mr. Gardiner's judgment, is sufficient to destroy the authority of the person who makes it.

¹ "A quoy [the mine] sept des conjurateurs furent long temps a travailler, mais trouvans beaucoup de difficulté à percer le fondement de la muraille, et ayans decouvert en travaillant qu'il-y-avoit une Voute ou Caveau de l'autre costé de la⁴ muraille, directement soubs la haute chambre, ils desisterent de leur premier ouvrage," etc. (*Dom James I. xx. 55.*)

² "Hora mentre stavano così affaticati et dal timore di non essere intesi di lavorare in quel luogo, et del travaglio excessivo et difficultà che haveano in tagliare quel muro, ecco che sopra le teste loro sentono un gran fracasso et strepito, del quale cercando l'occasione vengono a sapere che la su vi era una cantina, et che quel rumore era stato di carboni delli quali quella cantina era pieno," etc. (*De Conjurazione Pulveraria, f. 44 verso, Stonyhurst MSS.*)

³ P. 8.

⁴ He was created Baron Cobham in 1714.

"What," he asks, "is to be thought of the accuracy of a writer, who states that 'Sir Everard Digby's two sons were both knighted soon after,' when, as a matter of fact, the younger, Kenelm, was not knighted till 1623, and the elder, John, not till 1635?"¹ And he goes on to argue that "our anonymous and erudite friend who perpetrated that little blunder about the knighthood of Sir Everard Digby's sons," is capable of any feat in the way of misrepresenting evidence. This surely is much ado about nothing. Kenelm Digby was but twenty years of age when he received knighthood, which was about as soon as it could possibly be conferred upon him, and he had already been for some time in the service of the Prince of Wales. John Digby was knighted at the age of thirty. Moreover, if we must be accurate, Kenelm was the elder brother, and John the younger.²

The same witness who speaks of the Digbys, also declares that according to the testimony of a gentleman whom he names as living when he wrote, William Lenthal, Speaker of the Long Parliament, testified to having heard the second Earl of Salisbury acknowledge that the Gunpowder Plot was "his father's contrivance." Coming through so many hands, this evidence is doubtless not above suspicion, but it cannot be altogether disregarded. Mr. Gardiner—who argued against its acceptance on the ground that Lenthal was described by Anthony à Wood as a liar and a braggart, and that as he died in 1681 and was apparently dead when his testimony was thus quoted, it refers to very ancient history—has since acknowledged³ that it is Lenthal's son, and not himself, of whom all this is true. He still thinks, however, that the second part of his objection holds good. Lenthal, the Speaker, died in 1662, that is to say, fifty-seven years after the Plot, and this, Mr. Gardiner thinks, is a period too long to be thus covered. But is there any extreme improbability in supposing a person who died in 1662 to have been in the confidence of one who survived him half-a-dozen years,⁴ or a third who lived

¹ P. 11.

² The relative age of the Digbys is wrongly given by the *Dictionary of National Biography* in the article "Everard Digby," but it corrects and contradicts itself in the following article, "Kenelm Digby." The point is settled by a passage in Sir Everard's letter to his sons from the Tower: "Let me tell you, my son Kenelm, that you ought to be both a father and a brother to your unprovided for brother." (Barlow's *Gunpowder Treason*, p. 259.)

³ *Athenaeum*, July 17, 1897.

⁴ William Cecil, second Earl of Salisbury, died in 1668.

a few years longer to have heard something of what passed between them?

More serious is the manner in which the son's alleged evidence concerning his father is treated, which Mr. Gardiner dismisses in most summary fashion, as follows :

Whatever else a statesman may communicate to his son, we may be sure that he does not confide to him such appalling guilt as this. . . . *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia.* Moreover, the second Earl, who was only twenty-one years of age at his father's death, was much too dull to be an intellectual companion for him, and therefore the less likely to invite an unprecedented confidence.¹

But wherefore must we suppose there was any confidence in the case? The same witness who speaks of the communication to Lenthal implies that at least one other member of the family—Edward Cecil, Viscount Wimbledon—possessed similar information. Even if this were not so, who was so likely to learn the great Secretary's secrets as the son who upon his sudden death came into possession of his most private papers? Lord Castlemaine remarks that it is not easy to discover the truth concerning a statesman who died in prosperity; but if any one may be supposed to have done so, it is the heir who succeeded him in such circumstances.

In much the same manner is explained away a reported utterance of Archbishop Usher, who is said to have declared that if the Papists knew what he knew, the guilt of the Powder Treason would not lie on them. No great stress, it is true, can be laid on such a remark, on account of the manner in which it comes to us; but Professor Gardiner wishes to maintain that, even as it stands, it need mean no more than that the Catholics in general were not implicated. But surely the words, if they mean anything, point to something definite, not generally known, which wholly changes the aspect of the case.

So much as to the selection of evidence. Let us pass on to the manner of using it. Mr. Gardiner considers my practice to be as faulty in this respect as in the other, and in the interests of brevity I will select but one instance, in which he charges me with the violation of all the rules which an historian should observe.

I had cited the apprehension of Guy Faukes as one of those particulars connected with the Plot regarding which it is impos-

¹ P. 12.

sible to have any certainty, on account of the contradictions which the evidence exhibits, some witnesses declaring that it took place in the "cellar," others in the street, and others, again, in his own chamber. After quoting my words on this subject, Mr. Gardiner thus continues:

This passage deserves to be studied, if only as a good example of the way in which historical investigations ought not to be conducted, that is to say, by reading into the evidence what, according to pre-conception of the inquirer, he thinks ought to be there, but is not there at all. In plain language, the words "cellar" and "street" are not mentioned in any one of the documents cited by Father Gerard.¹

This, I must confess, looks to me very much like trifling with the subject. What can it matter whether these particular words are used, if the things for which they stand are precisely designated? That they are so designated, it will, I think, be difficult to deny.

That the "cellar" was the scene of the arrest we have such evidence as the following:

"As he was busy to prepare his things for execution, on Monday night, [he] was apprehended in the place itself. . . . Sir Thomas Knyvet, going by chance into the vault by another door, found the fellow, as is said before." (*Salisbury's letter to Sir Thomas Parry, November 6, 1605.*)

"[He was taken] making his trains at midnight." (*Chamberlain to Dudley Carleton, November 7.*)

"Certain it is that upon a search lately made on Monday night in the vault beneath the Parliament Chamber, one Johnson,² was found . . . preparing his trains against the next morrow." (*Sir E. Hoby to Sir T. Edmondes, November 19.*)

This appears to make the matter perfectly clear. The "vault" and the "cellar" were used as synonymous terms to describe the chamber in which the powder was lodged, and I cannot but think that I am fully justified in saying that some witnesses speak of Faukes as being apprehended in this celebrated apartment. When Mr. Gardiner argues that we are not told what is meant by "the place itself," nor *where* Guy was making his trains, it is not very easy to believe him to be serious. "The place" must certainly be that where the powder was, which was the cellar, and there alone can the trains possibly have been made. Mr. Gardiner seems to suggest that they were being prepared

¹ P. 132.

² Faukes' assumed name.

in a passage outside, or even in the head of the court beyond ; a suggestion which does not appear to call for discussion.

On the other hand, the evidence that the arrest took place out of doors is equally explicit and more abundant, though I must confess that my description of this as "the street" is based not upon written accounts, but upon contemporary drawings, which undoubtedly so represent it.¹ Here are some testimonies to this effect.

"When the party was taken he was but new come out of the house." (*The King's speech in Parliament, November 9.*)

"[Sir T. Knyvet] finding the party newly come out of the vault." (*Relation of the Discovery, November 7.*)

"But before his entry to the house, finding Thomas Percy's alleged man standing without the doors, his clothes and boots on . . . he resolved to apprehend him, as he did, and thereafter went forward to the searching of the house. . . . [The fellow] declaring unto him that if he had happened to be within when he took him, as he was immediately before (at the ending of his work), he would not fail to have blown him up, house and all." (*The King's Book.*)

"[Knyvet] went the next midnight, and coming before the entrance of the house, spied Percy's pretended servant standing without the door, booted and spurred." (*Stow's Chronicle, Horwes.*)

"He met John Johnson in front of the house."²—(*Thuanus.*)

"The caitiff of the cave, who being some hours before in the cellar (when some of the Lords came thither), had not the power to suspect or the grace to fly, but when the privy watch came in the night, he was the first man that appeared at the door, as if God Himself had presented him into their hands." (*William Barlow, Bishop of Rochester, Sermon at Paul's Cross, November 10.*)

I cannot think that any preconception is required to discover in these testimonies plain contradiction, nor that it is necessary to read into them a meaning which they do not legitimately bear. Had Faukes been making his trains when his captors appeared, he could hardly have explained that, had he been somewhere else, he would have put a match to the powder, for such a situation was precisely the one which made it possible to do so. For my own part, I never imagined that there could

¹ Some of them are reproduced in my book already referred to.

² "Joannem Jonsonum ante ædes offendit."

be such discrepancies as to a simple matter of fact, till they stared me in the face.

Moreover, while Mr. Gardiner reproves me so severely for not being sufficiently rigorous in my interpretation of evidence, he does not appear to be equally exacting in his own regard.

In connection with the supposed mining operations of the conspirators, for example, I have urged as an objection, that being quite inexperienced in this kind of labour, it is hard to understand how they could have done all they are said to have done without an accident, and should never have attracted attention by the noise they made during the long period when they were engaged in breaking through the foundations of the Parliament House. The difficulty is thus solved by Mr. Gardiner.¹

Father Gerard forgets that though six of the seven miners were amateurs, the seventh was not. Fawkes had been eight years in the service of the Archdukes in the Low Countries, and to soldiers on either side the war in the Low Countries offered the most complete school of military mining then to be found in the world. Though every soldier was not an engineer, he could not fail to be in the way of hearing about, if not of actually witnessing, feats of engineering skill, of which the object was not merely to undermine fortifications with tunnels of far greater length than can have been required by the conspirators, but to conduct the operations as quietly as possible. It must surely have been the habit of these engineers to use other implements than the noisy pick of the modern workman.

Whether the sappers and miners of three centuries ago are likely to have been better furnished with implements than those of our own days—whose tools are pick and shovel—military authorities must decide, but at least it is clear that a good deal is here read into the evidence which Mr. Gardiner thinks ought to be there, but certainly is not there at all. In fact, something which we do find looks very like a contradiction of his whole supposition; for the one man of the party who was not an amateur, himself tells us, that he was just the one who did *not* bear a hand in the work of excavation; Fawkes expressly stating, "that all the time while the others wrought, he stood as sentinel to descry any man that came near."² Mr. Gardiner's method of dealing with this difficulty is extremely simple. "Fawkes," he says, "indeed speaks of himself merely as a watcher

¹ P. 98.

² Examination, November 8th.

whilst others worked. But he was a modest man, and there can be no reasonable doubt that he directed the operations."

Of the reasonableness of such a conclusion I will say nothing, but is it not clear that on principles of interpretation such as these, it matters extremely little what our documents say?

Another difficulty regarding the same mine relates to the earth and stone dug out of it. How could these be disposed of without attracting notice? Mr. Gardiner acknowledges¹ that the quantity must have been too great to be concealed in the little garden adjoining the scene of operations. "The greater part of it," he writes, "must have been disposed of in some other way. Is it so very difficult to surmise what that was? The nights were long and dark, and the river was very close."

Such an explanation may perhaps seem plausible, but the fact remains that Faukes, the only witness who says anything on the subject, speaks of the garden as the place of concealment, and says nothing about the river. It would also appear that we require to know a good deal more than we do about the locality in order to satisfy ourselves that the river would have been practically available for such a purpose. Although Mr. Gardiner strongly contends that there were no houses in the way, towards the water's edge, one of the plans which he reproduces² shows a solid block of buildings down to the Thames. Moreover, it is obvious that, if they were to be kept out of sight, the stones at least from the Parliament wall would need to be immersed below low water-mark, as they would otherwise be left high and dry at every ebb for all folk to see. But it is at least possible—and the distance to which, according to the plans, the Parliament Stairs projected, makes it very probable—that the bank shelved gradually in, so that, in order to reach the required spot, the conspirators would have had to wade or flounder in the dark with their burden of stones over a bed of ooze. If we are to argue apart from evidence as to what may have been, many circumstances can be imagined which would stand in the way of the course which, as Mr. Gardiner assumes, the plotters must have adopted, though they have themselves omitted to mention it.

In some instances we are enabled to satisfy ourselves more fully as to the precise value of such speculations. The alleged bigamy of Thomas Percy is a case in point, which Mr. Gardiner

¹ P. 103.

² P. 81.

holds to be established by no evidence worthy of attention. He says¹ that my charge against Percy was "probably" received from Bishop Goodman, whose belief that Percy was a bigamist rested on information derived from a lady, "who may very well have been as hardened a gossip as he was himself."

But Goodman was a contemporary, and his account is very explicit.² "It is certain [he writes] that he was a very loose liver—that he had two wives, one in the south and another in the north. An honourable good lady said she knew them both; his wife in the south was so mean and poor, that she was fain to teach school and bring up gentlewomen; there are yet some living that were her scholars."

Moreover, I neither cited Goodman's testimony upon this point, nor had it in my mind. The charge I held to be proved by the fact, attested by documents in the Public Record Office, that on the 5th of November a Mrs. Percy was apprehended in London, and on the 12th of the same month, one was apprehended in Warwickshire, the magistrates in each instance reporting to Salisbury what they had done, and their reports being still extant. This agrees well enough with Goodman's account, and so does the description of the person apprehended in London, supplied by Justice Grange.³ "She saith her husband liveth not with her, being attendant on the Earl of Northumberland. She hath not seen him since midsummer. She liveth very private and teacheth children."

Such was the evidence on which I based my statement, that Percy had two wives living. But Mr. Gardiner brushes it away:

The papers in the Public Record Office [he says,⁴] prove nothing of the sort. On November 5th, Justice Grange writes to Salisbury that Percy had a house in Holborne, "where his wife is at this instant . . . I have caused some to watch the house, as also to guard her until your Honour's pleasure be further known." There is, however, nothing to show that Salisbury did not within a couple of hours direct that she should be set free, as she had evidently nothing to tell; nor is there anything here inconsistent with her having been arrested in Warwickshire on the 12th, especially as she was apprehended in the house of John Wright, her brother. What is more likely, than that, when the terrible catastrophe befell the poor woman, she should have travelled down to seek refuge in her brother's house, where she might perchance hear some tidings of her husband? It is adding a new terror to

¹ P. 117.

² *Court of King James*, i. 102.

³ *Gunpowder Plot Book*, n. 15.

⁴ P. 116.

matrimony, to suggest that a man is liable to be charged with bigamy, because his wife is seen in London one day and in Warwickshire a week afterwards.

Mr. Gardiner has strangely omitted to mention a circumstance which is of great importance in connection with the ingenious conjecture which he wishes us to accept as an historical fact. In the house of the Mrs. Percy arrested in Holborn, as the same Justice Grange informs Salisbury, was taken along with her a Catholic priest, the Benedictine Father John Roberts, who five years later suffered at Tyburn for his priesthood. At the time of his arrest, or at least on the same day, his priestly character was known to the authorities,¹ and, as it was felony to harbour a priest, it appears in the highest degree improbable that the lady in whose house so compromising a lodger was discovered should have been liberated in the free and easy manner suggested by Mr. Gardiner, especially at a moment when the Government were, as he declares, so completely in the dark as to the accomplices of Faukes, and every such stranger was for them a probable traitor.

It so happens, moreover, that this very Father Roberts supplies us with clear evidence that, in spite of Mr. Gardiner's plea, Percy *was* a bigamist. When examined before the Bishop of London, December 21, 1607, Roberts, amongst other particulars regarding himself, gave the following :

"That upon the said day [of the discovery of the Gunpowder Treason] he was taken in the upper end of Holborn, in the house of Thomas Percy, Esq., his *first* wife, and was then committed to the Gatehouse by the Lords from the Council Table."²

The mention of this wife as Percy's "first" is clear proof that he had a second ; and as the first was still living, he must certainly have committed bigamy. It is begging the question to speak of the London wife as John Wright's sister : the lady arrested on the 12th at Wright's house, Lapworth, was indeed so, and apart from all other considerations, it seems very unlikely that Percy should have consigned the sister of his friend and fellow-conspirator to neglect or poverty in the metropolis.

¹ *Dom. James I. xvi. 10.* "Points mentioned in the papers and letters found in Percy's house, likely to be the priest's, Roberts, which was taken there."

² *Old Brotherhood MSS.* (Good Shepherd Convent, Hammersmith). Copy of the Examination, certified by Robert Christian, Deputy Registrar.

It would not be difficult to adduce other instances in which, as seems to me, the charges brought by Mr. Gardiner against my method of working lie rather against his own. The above, however, suffice for my purpose, which is to illustrate, and not to exhaust this branch of the question. In my next article I shall consider the conclusions he deduces from the evidence, which certainly, if correct, altogether dispose of mine.

JOHN GERARD.

The Journey of Blessed Edmund Campion from Rome to England.

WE are about to celebrate with all the faith and fervour we can muster up the thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Augustine. Much has been written and more will be written on that interesting subject, and the occasion may be deemed not inopportune for describing another missionary journey undertaken in the same good cause, in which, too, the places of departure and arrival corresponded, and part also of the route followed. For if St. Augustine planted the faith in this country, Blessed Edmund's brief but brilliant career in England was not inconspicuous among the causes that saved it from extinction at the Reformation. We do not, however, propose to say anything now about his actual work in England. We shall confine ourselves to an account of the peculiarities which discriminate his missionary journey from those of his predecessors and followers, and to the story of his journey.

What especially characterizes his enterprise is its chivalrousness. Others went devotedly, bravely, calmly, thoughtfully. Campion and his companions went openly, seeking rather than fleeing danger, intent entirely on delivering their sacred message, and entirely careless whether they met their death to-day or to-morrow, by sickness or the sword, in honour or disgrace. Never had so many missionaries marched together, never had there been so much talking of the possible and probable results, although this was not so much Campion's choice as the consequence of his great qualities. Many people expected much from the Jesuits and from Campion, and many people cannot be kept quiet. Other priests, too, excited by his word and example, wished to accompany him on his voyage, and so the *collège* was swelled to a number beyond what had been at first contemplated. The spontaneous way in which the fame of this expedition spread, and its numbers grew,

was due to its suiting so exactly the needs of the moment. I will try to make this clear by explaining as concisely as possible what the crisis then was.

By the year 1580 Englishmen had submitted for nearly fifty years to royal tyranny in matters of conscience. For only four of those years had royal power upheld the true faith; but that was now long ago, and the latter times had been worse than the first. The second generation was already educated into submission to the heresy by law established. If a third generation should follow in the same course, the ancient faith, already so much shattered, would be morally sure to perish altogether. For the last five years, however, a reaction had set in. Missionaries had been coming over, very few at first, but latterly in greater numbers, and the words and example of a score or two of these men had had a surprising result. It was found that there were Catholics all through the country, who, when properly led, would act up to their principles, not only in private but even in the face of severe persecution. The results were not yet extensive or attracting much public attention, but unmistakably there was an awakening.

Still, on the other side there were the relentless Protestants, with absolute power in their hands, who so far had brought to destruction all who had opposed them. No dictate of justice, no feeling of pity or respect, would prevent these from using every means, legal and illegal, persuasive and violent, to strike down a preacher of the hated faith. To slay such a one was a duty, according to their distorted code of conscience; they had done so already without scruple, they would do so again without a qualm; and the Catholics, absolutely disregarded as a party to be reckoned with, lay powerless before them. The Protestants had only to continue a little longer that throttling process which they had hitherto employed with such effect, and then the grip might be safely relaxed, for the life of the proscribed religion would be extinct. It was true that the victims had latterly shown signs of more vitality than at all pleased the murderers. But it was not clear whether these were symptoms of returning animation, or the last quiverings before death. Intent on hastening the end of their victims, they would not be likely to hesitate about putting out of the way any one who attempted a rescue.

Campion's task, then, was to stimulate the beginnings of returning life, to arouse a slumbering people from its deadly

lethargy, to demonstrate that a man's soul is ever his own, that courage to follow where faith leads is sure to lead to victory, and to victory splendid in proportion to the greatness of the forces arrayed against it. To be sure the risks were desperate. Matters had come to that pass when almost reckless daring was the only prudent course. He was leading a forlorn hope, straightforward, fearless, instant attack was his only safety. In other times and places more concealment, more caution, more waiting for favourable circumstances, would have been laudable enough. Then they would have brought about the final ruin of a cause which timidity and delay had reduced almost to desperation.

It was chivalrous courage, then, which was called for, and Campion, though naturally rather scrupulous and retiring, had a heart which could rise above human weakness, and respond without faltering to the call. The following pages describe only the prelude to his missionary career, but they reveal to us a man who was sure to do something great before he died, and he did achieve more than his most sanguine admirers had hoped. In that test we have the final proof of his true insight into the needs of his time, as well as of the wonderful skill and fervour which animated him.

It would be an interesting study to trace the influences and ideas which developed in Campion all this missionary ability. Suffice it here to say that, apart from what he had learnt by his own previous experience (which was considerable), he seems to have formed himself chiefly in the quietude of religious life, by diligent application to all his daily exercises and by generous devotedness to the work of teaching others. Such indeed is ever the school of sanctity, and it is in the school of sanctity that men learn to be heroic in the cause of God.

Campion was at Prague when the summons to join the English mission reached him. In spite, however, of the urgency of the Father General's letters which he had received, he did not start immediately, but waited not much less than three whole months. The only suggestion I can offer for this hitherto unnoticed incident is that he was at the time much sought for by various Austrian and Bavarian grandees, and that his local Superiors, interpreting the "urgency" of the order according to their views of the importance of his previous engagements, kept him back until those engagements had been fulfilled. He left Prague on the feast of the Annunciation, 1580, with orders to join the main body of

missioners from Rome as they passed Padua on their way towards England. "As far as Innsbruck," he wrote to a Father at Prague on the last day of April, "I was driven in Prince Ferdinand's carriage, and came on to Padua on foot. There . . . I immediately received orders to hasten to Rome. In company with another Father, whom I had met on the road, we took to horse. . . . During my stay in Rome, which was about eight days, I was more pressed for time than during all the rest of my journey."

Father Persons,¹ who has left us a very full account of the events which followed, thus describes him at the moment of his arrival: "And surely I remember he came after so venerable a manner to Rome as he might move devotion; in grave priest's [garb] with long [beard and] hair, after the manner of Germany, and he served God so earnestly upon the way, and commended the success of his journey with so great instance and devotion unto Him, as it was not hard to prognosticate what was like to ensue of the same."

As soon as the orders for the journey to England had been officially communicated to him, his only request was that no responsibility beyond that of "praying, preaching, and teaching" might be imposed upon him. "And this point he urged so far forth," adds Father Persons, "as it was the cause that the charge of the mission was laid upon his fellow, though less of age, standing in religion, and ability than himself, . . . and . . . Father Campion, freed of all other care and cogitation but only to attend to his devotion, took his fill thereof."

Even in these days of coldness and unbelief, Holy Week and Eastertide in Rome are times when souls that love the splendour and beauty of Divine worship in God's house can satisfy their tastes as they cannot do elsewhere. And then, when the fervour of Rome was perhaps at its height, the holy

¹ Father Persons has left two accounts of this journey, which are the foundations on which all subsequent histories are based. The one in his history *Of the life and martyrdom of Father Edmond Campion*, begun on the 5th of July, 1594. The other in his *Certain notes of memory concerning the first entrance of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus into England by way of mission in the year of Christ, 1580, &c.*, which he wrote in 1605. Both *opuscula* are unfinished, and have not yet been published. They are known to us only in the very ample extracts made from them by Father Christopher Grene, *Collectanea, P. vol. i.* (Stonyhurst MSS.) at pages 1 and 76 respectively. When Father Persons is quoted without further particulars, it will be understood that I am quoting chapters xiv.—xix. of the first of these two treatises. The words supplied in square brackets represent omissions or blanks left by Father Grene in his transcripts.

city must have seemed a quarter of the celestial Jerusalem to one who came from a country where the faith was still struggling for its rights, and was bound for a country where its profession and practice were utterly banned. Joined with the companions who were destined to accompany him to England, some of whom were to stand by his side at the bar and on the scaffold, "he went every day to pray and say Mass in different churches where Apostles' or Saints' bodies lay, and all . . . together they used such notable and extraordinary diligence in preparing themselves well in the sight of God, and to obtain His holy grace and the assistance of His blessed saints for this mission as was matter of edification to all Rome."

What pilgrim to the Eternal City but acknowledges that the most touching and memorable of all his experiences was the audience with the Holy Father, and the reception of his solemn blessing? This joy was not denied our martyr. The love which Gregory XIII. bore towards England was singular and most tender. During his reign, the immense peril of Turkish invasion naturally forced the Eastern question into the first place among his preoccupations, but the English problem ranked next in importance in his estimation. No Pope before or after rivalled him in the liberality with which he succoured the destitute English exiles for religion, or subsidized the seminaries for the education of English priests. He had shown his interest in this particular enterprise by his approbation of the missionaries, and the pains he had taken to settle carefully every question and difficulty which had been raised; and he was going to pay out of his own pocket the expenses of the journey. What passed at the interview has not been recorded, but Father Persons notes that the Pope could not give his blessing at the end without shedding tears of sympathy, so great was his emotion at the sight of those twelve chivalrous men, who were going forth united in a common resolution to brave death and every danger for the love of God and their country. Another blessing, which was a blessing indeed, they doubtless begged, though no record of it remains. That, namely, of their near neighbour St. Philip Neri, who was still living at San Girolamo, opposite to the English College.

Then came the time for departure. The missionaries and the friends that saw them off met at St. Peter's, and with a last prayer at that shrine of shrines they took their leave of Rome, and passed out by the Porto del Popolo, escorted as far

as the Ponte Molle by many friends. There the farewell words were said, and many were the tears that fell, when they embraced for what might be the last time. As it was only two of the twelve returned to Rome again.

Now that they are started on the journey, a word must be said of the various members of the party. Allen had come to Rome to obtain the services of the Jesuits, and such was the impression made by their acceptance of the mission, that a dozen others at once volunteered to join them. First in dignity among these was that worthy survivor of the old hierarchy, Bishop -Goldwell. Here is Father Persons' account of his courageous venture :

There was also at that time in Rome an ancient Catholic confessor and Bishop in Queen Mary's time of St. Asaph, named Thomas Goldwell, who having been in exile, and lived in Rome all the reign of Queen Elizabeth till that time, though he were very old, yet conceived he such joy and comfort by this mission of the Fathers of the Society and other priests of the College, as he went to Pope Gregory, and told him that this example had moved him to concur also to the help of his country, and to seek martyrdom in his old age, and seeing such young lambs were not afraid to offer themselves to the raging wolves for the spiritual good of their country, much less ought he, who was a Bishop *et aries gregis*, be affeared to do the same, and therefore he demanded licence of His Holiness that he might go with them, and the like request made also Dr. Morton, that had been Penitentiarius of the nation before. With these zealous demands Pope Gregory was much comforted, and granted to them their requests, yet wished them to consider well their danger, as also that by their public going they should not exasperate overmuch the State against themselves and others, and that for this respect they should go very privately and before the rest, and that no further than Rheims, where Dr. Allen [lay], and there expect the other mission, and if then it should be thought best to pass further, well; if not, to return to Rome again, which was so observed by them.

These two grave seniors had ridden on in advance. Father Campion's party numbered twelve, to wit, himself, Father Persons, the lay-brother Ralph Emerson, who, however, joined them later at Milan, and five scholars of the English College, of whom three were already priests—Ralph Sherwin, and Luke Kirby, who were condemned with Campion, suffered the same penalties, and have received the same honours from the Church, and Edward Rishton, who after imprisonment and exile lived to edit Dr. Sander's book, *De Schismate*. The two other scholars

were not yet priests, Thomas Brisco and John Paschal ; the latter was the only one who yielded, and fell for a time, though "only upon frailty and fear of torment ;" the former, after many sufferings and adventures, became a priest in Spain, and there I lose sight of him. These young men, none of whom had reached thirty, imparted, as we shall see, plenty of life and vigour to the party. The other four were much older, one of them having passed sixty. They were priests who had held the posts of chaplains in the old English Hospital, William Giblet, Thomas Crane, William Kempe, and Dr. Edward Brombery. They all reached England, and did good service on the mission, both by word and example, as long as they lived.

"Their journey through Italy," writes Father Persons,¹ "making known the state of England and their intention did work great effect in the minds of many principal people, who conceived both compassion and comfort by this sight." The impression made by their appearance was certainly not caused by their dress, for before they left Rome, they all laid aside their long cassocks for shorter travelling clothes. Campion, true to the love of poverty, absolutely refused any new clothes, but "covered himself with certain old buckram under an old cloak," saying jocularly that anything was good enough for a man going to be hanged. "And to prove the blessed man the more," continues Father Persons, "God Almighty sent continual rain for the first eight or ten days after our going forth of Rome, so as from morning to night Father Campion travelled in the wet with that evil apparel ; and sometimes stuck so fast in the mire in those deep and foul ways, as he was scarce able to get out again. And truly it would have caused any man living to take great compassion of him considering what he was, but that on the other side, to him that weighed for what cause and for what Master he did it, and how gladly and joyfully he bare it, the sight would rather have caused holy envy than compassion, in respect of the infinite reward that he was to receive in Heaven for the same."

Our pilgrims had agreed to observe a regular order of the day, and it is worth recording here :

The manner of the whole journey was that one or two only were charged with the care of providing victuals on the way, so as all the rest might the better attend unto their devotions. In the morning, after

¹ *Notes of Memory*, p. 9.

the *Itinerarium* said, each man had his time allotted for their meditations and mental prayer, and after that to say their service of the Breviary, and other devotions as each man would, and where commodity of Church and other things necessary was offered, there either all, or as many of the priests as could, or at least some one for all the rest, said Mass.

After dinner also, besides their ordinary service of Evensong, Compline, and Matins for the next day, they had their several times appointed for saying their Rosary, or their beads and divers sorts of litanies, and towards night the examen of their conscience, which every man did with so great care and diligence as men that supposed that within very few days after they might chance to see themselves before the judgment-seat of Almighty God, seeing they knew the entertainment they were like to receive in their country if they were apprehended ; and for this cause, to prepare themselves better to this event, the book they most read and conferred of upon the way was St. Luke's story of the Acts of the Apostles.

But Father Campion, among all the rest, had a fashion to leave the rest of the company every morning after the *Itinerarium* was said, and to get him before for the space of some half-mile or more, to the end he might with more freedom make his prayers alone, and utter his zealous affections unto his Saviour without being heard or noted by his fellows. And this he used all the way, which endured more than a month, and would not suffer himself to be overtaken until he had fully finished his devotions, which was commonly some hour before dinner, and then he would stay to go in company with the rest, and would be so merry, and talk of suffering for Christ with such comfort (for of this point commonly was the subject of their talk) as a man might easily perceive, with whom he had had conversation in his prayers before.

With a journey of eight or nine hundred miles on foot before them, our travellers knew that they must neither loiter nor hurry. After a last look back perhaps at St. Peter's from Baccano, their most direct route to Bologna, which was their first halt, would have been through Viterbo, Sienna, and Florence. In the two latter cities, they would doubtless have lodged in the Jesuit Colleges. The ordinary railway route nowadays runs through the lower ground of the Tiber Valley, though the character of the two routes is much the same. Towns on hill-tops with steep scarped sides, romantic castles on every point of vantage, lakes, rivers, and water in comparative abundance, but curiously little agriculture. Artistically, it is a beautiful country, and one cannot help feeling sorry for those eight or ten days' continual rain, which, from Father Person's description of it, must have quite spoilt the enjoyment of this interesting part of their journey.

Crossing the Apennines in such weather must have been extremely trying, not to say alarming, for in those days we know that serious accidents were not uncommon. As it was, Father Persons injured his leg, and the whole party waited a week at Bologna to give him time to recover. During those days they were most honourably entertained by Cardinal Gabriel Paleotto, the historian of the Council of Trent. Bishop Goldwell, who had passed through a week before, had prepared the way, and Father Agazzari had written to announce their arrival. But these introductions were not really requisite, for, widespread as was affection for the English among the Roman prelates of those days, Paleotto's devotion to them was especially marked. "If he were a born Englishman," wrote Father Agazzari to Allen,¹ "he could not love the English more than, according to every account, he does already." Of this visit to Bologna Father Persons says :

When we came to Bononia, the Cardinal Archbishop of that city, named Paleotto, a very learned, grave, and godly man, invited us all to dine with him, which we accepted. After dinner ended, according to a very laudable custom that he observed at his table, he caused one or two of his learned chaplains to propose some spiritual themes whereof to talk, and every man to say his opinion. And after they had done, the Cardinal requested some of our company to say something extempore in the Latin tongue, and so they did, and I remember that among others, Mr. Sherwin spoke excellent well, and was much liked of all. But most of all Father Campion, for he made a very pithy discourse, and fit for the place and time and our journey in hand, taking his beginning from that which Cicero, in his *Tusculan Questions*, lib. 5, citeth out of Pythagoras, who by light of nature perceiving the difficulty of man's corrupt nature to all good, and proneness to vice, said the way of virtue was hard and laborious, but yet not void of delectation, and much more to be embraced than the other, which is easy. Which Father Campion applying to a Christian life, showed very aptly both the labours and delights thereof, and that the saying of Pythagoras was much more verifiable in the same than in the life of any heathen philosopher, for that both the labours were greater, and the helps more potent, the end more high, and the reward more excellent, whereby also in fine he came to declare the nature and quality of the journey and enterprize which his fellows had in hand, and greatly to encourage them in the same.

Bologna has suffered comparatively little from the hand of the reformer. Its curious towers, its house-fronts with orna-

¹ Knox, *Letters of Cardinal Allen*, p. 399.

mental brickwork, its great churches are in general in much the same state as when Campion visited them. A person with his love of sanctuaries will doubtless have said Mass at the beautiful tomb of St. Dominic, and probably also before the well-preserved but dessicated body of *La Santa*, as the Bolognese call their St. Catherine. The Jesuit College, which he of course visited and not impossibly stayed at for part at least of his time, has now been turned in part into a picture gallery, the *Accademia delle Belle Arte*, whilst another part is used for a public gymnasium, &c. The Archivescovado where they met the Cardinal still stands, but has been so restored, that, when I visited it, I despaired of tracing any of the old apartments, which our martyrs visited. Still with time and the help of some local antiquaries, some results might be obtained.

The road from Bologna to Milan runs in a nearly straight line for over 130 miles through Modena, Parma, and Piacenza, traversing a rich and flat, but not very interesting, country. Our party reached Milan without an incident to put on record. There St. Charles Borromeo invited them all to his palace, and kept them as his guests over a week. The palace still stands, but has in parts been greatly altered, as his successor, Cardinal Ferdinand, refaced the front on the street, and rebuilt the main body of the building, which is on the west side of the cortile. But the three other sides of the inner court remain in all essentials, I believe, the same as they were at the time our martyr visited them. The east side, full of single rooms in which guests would probably be quartered, is especially interesting to us. The rooms, now disused, are connected by outdoor wooden galleries, supported by brackets from the outer wall, formerly they seem to have been covered by awnings and protected from the weather by the eaves of the red-tile roof, which project a great distance from the main wall. On the arcading below will be seen the arms of Giovanni Angelo Arcibaldo, a predecessor of St. Charles, whose own arms and badge *Humilitas* will be seen in another corner. It is not amiss to mention these points as the local tradition attributes the whole of the present structure to Cardinal Ferdinand, except the little oratory under the roof, in which the Saint used to pray. But this attribution is disproved both by the heraldic devices just mentioned, and still more decidedly so by the presence of regular Gothic ornaments on the roof timbers.

These parts of the palace are certainly not after but before the time of St. Charles.

When one enters the cortile, of which we have been speaking, one salutes on the left the little shrine of our Lady, before which the holy Archbishop used to hold devotions in her honour for the inmates of his palace. It was during one of these very services¹ that he miraculously escaped being shot dead by the rascal who attempted his life. The main stairs, still in use, seem also to have been part of the ancient palace, but it is impossible to identify the rooms where they met St. Charles. They have been enlarged, replastered, repannelled, and refurnished, in short so entirely renewed that to ascertain their previous shapes and uses is out of the question. Otherwise, it would have been extremely interesting to have identified the place where he had daily conference with our party, making minute inquiries as to the state of the English Catholics, their trials and fervour, their imprisonments and death, and gave them finally his blessing with so much tenderness and emotion. He too made Sherwin preach, as Cardinal Paleotto had done, and Campion had to give a spiritual conference daily during his stay. Amongst Campion's hearers was Cardinal Nicholas Sfondrato, who afterwards became Pope Gregory XIV., with his nephew Paul, who also became a Cardinal later on.

Besides calling on his brother Jesuits at their College of Brera (since rebuilt) and their church, San Fidele, which was probably not quite finished at the time, there were other sights in Milan which our pilgrims, tired though they were, will surely have found an occasion for visiting. There was the glorious Duomo, which St. Charles had consecrated, and the venerable Basilica of Sant Ambrogio, where St. Ambrose, on hearing of the massacre of Thessalonica, boldly refused entrance to Theodosius before all the imperial court. This brave assertion of right against might was a deed the memory of which was very precious to the churchmen who faced with such heroism the tyranny of the Tudors. It is recorded² of the venerable martyr, Edward Transham, that his desire to visit this spot was quite remarkable—indeed, that there was nothing else in Italy which

¹ So I was informed by the Archbishop's secretary, who most courteously showed me round the palace. The assassination was attempted in the Archbishop's chapel, so the picture of our Lady must have been transported thence, when the body of the building was altered by Cardinal Ferdinand Borromeo.

² Pollen, *Acts of English Martyrs*, p. 256.

he so much desired to see, except only the tombs of the Holy Apostles.

Their stay in Milan seems to have covered parts of the first and second week of May. A few days after their departure, St. Charles wrote to Father Agazzari to express the pleasure their visit had given him. What proved conclusively the sincerity of his words was the invitation which he therewith sent to all other English priests who might be returning from the College at Rome, to partake of his hospitality when they passed through Milan.¹ Naturally enough, so generous an invitation was gladly accepted whenever the occasion offered. But what is specially noteworthy is that there are two more letters extant from the Saint, almost thanking Father Agazzari for having sent him people to entertain, and each time renewing his request that more should come.

It was little to be wondered at that our pilgrims should have been much impressed by such a Saint. Father Persons takes no notice of anything said or done during that time by any one else, even by Campion. He says :

The very like courtesy [to that shown by Cardinal Paleotto] had we also of the good Cardinal Borromeo, whose rare sanctity is sufficiently known to the whole world. He received us, I say, all into his house, and detained us with him for divers days, had sundry learned and most godly speeches with us, tending to the contempt of this world, and perfect zeal of Christ His service, whereof we saw so rare an example in himself and his austere and laborious life, being in effect but skin and bone through continual pains, fasting, and penance, as without saying any word he preached to us sufficiently, so as we departed from him greatly edified and exceedingly animated.

¹ This letter is preserved in a seventeenth-century transcript at Stonyhurst. As it has not yet been printed *in extenso*, it will be well to give it here.

Father Grene, *Collectanea*, P. vol. ii. p. 574. *Epistola S. Caroli Boromeai ad Agazarium Rectorem Coll. Angl. de Urbe. Originale est in dicto Collegio.* [This title is in Father Grene's hand.]

Molto Reverendo Padre. Furono da me visti, et riceuuti volentieri quegli Inglesi, che passorno di qui l'altro giorno, come meritava la bontà loro, et la causa per la quale aueano preso quel viaggio. Se poi nell' aueniire V. R. ne inuierà in casa mia degli altri, assicurisi pure, che io sforzerò di raccoglierli con ogni charità, e che mi sarà charissimo havere occasione di usare l'officio dell' hospitalità tanto conveniente al vescovo, con i catholici di quella nazione. In tanto à V. R. mi raccomando di cuore. Di Milano l'ultimo di Giugno 1580.

This date can hardly be copied right, for if it is, St. Charles is using the phrase *l'altro giorno* (the other day) of an event more than six weeks old. Perhaps there is some confusion between the *last* of May and the *first* of June. The other two letters alluded to above are dated September 29, 1580, and March 15, 1581. They are at pages 575, 576 of the same volume. There are others again at page 5 of Father Grene's *Collectanea*, N. vol. ii. (olim vol. iv.)

Turin was the next resting-place after about a hundred miles of easy travelling through the midst of the Lombard plain. Here they stopped but a short while, and there is little reason why we should linger over their footsteps, for Turin has been altered and modernized since then to an almost incredible extent. Then on to Susa, at the foot of the Alps, and then a long climb to the ancient hospice, which Charlemagne founded at the summit of the pass of Mont Cenis. Nowadays the traveller is carried by rail through the heart of the mountain, or, if he prefers it, he may walk or drive along the military road, a triumph of engineering, constructed by Napoleon. But in those days the ascent was a much more serious affair. One can still see the old road, now stretching unsteadily round precipices, now falling abruptly into torrents, here and there blocked by falling stones or completely torn away by avalanches. Even at its best, it must have been a rough and dangerous track. But our party, the sexagenarian included, mounted it with true English love of travel and adventure. Sherwin says¹ they started "full of joy and vigour," and that they crossed the roughest mountain paths "in great spirits and capital health," and "making great journeys." The keen air and glorious views had on them the effect which they have on so many others, of producing a wonderful insensibility to fatigue. There is, of course, finer mountain scenery to be found among the higher Alps, but it would be difficult to bring together more beautiful features than are seen in the last and not to be forgotten look back towards Italy. Snow and glacier and rock high above, melt, as your eyes wander down the mountain-side, into fir-woods, chestnut-groves, and strips of pasture. These, too, give way at once to olives and vineyards, and right below the corn-fields, with the rich Lombard plain beyond, stretching miles and miles into the distance. All is glowing with colour in the bright sunshine.

To gain the great plateau, where the hospice stands, now takes five to six hours. The old road may have taken longer. After rest and refreshment at the hospice, for the little plain is strangely fertile, and provisions are excellent and abundant, our travellers will have descended into Savoy. Their road then ran along the banks of the River Arc, through wild but magnificent scenery, the valley slowly widening and becoming gradually more and more fertile.

¹ Autograph letters to Father Agazzari, June 10, 1580, and to Ralph Bickley, June 11. (Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia A.* vol. i. fol. 35 and fol. 30.)

Here, if it be allowed to mix little things with great, I would recount a small adventure which befell me at this spot. Slight as it was, I shall ever remember it as having taught me experimentally what one distinctive feature of ancient travelling was like, a feature to which the facilities of transit we now enjoy have largely blinded us. I had come on Blessed Edmund's track across the pass, reaching Lans-le-bourg on the other side at about four in the afternoon. Modane, I was told, was eleven kilometres further, or about two hours and a half good walking, and there I should rejoin the train. Those hours passed almost too quickly, for the views were delightful and the air most invigorating. As evening fell—it grows dark early below the mountains—I entered a little country town and looked about for the station. I then learnt that I had been misinformed, and that Modane was still a good three hours walk further. That was perhaps rather more than I had bargained for, but I will not pretend that it entailed much hardship. The road was broad and easy to trace, in spite of the deep gloom which filled the valley, while the distant peaks of rock and lines of snow stood out soft and mysterious in the moonlight. Not a soul on the road, not a sound save the rushing torrent below, and at nine, distant church bells out of the darkness announcing the feast of the morrow. But what I shall ever remember was the understanding I gained during those hours of what travelling must have been in days when there were no modern contrivances for long voyages. No through tickets, no guide-books, no maps, when almost all one's information as to the road had to be gleaned from countrymen, who knew probably little or nothing, except a short stretch of the road on either side of their native villages. How constantly in those days must accidents, such as mine, have befallen men travelling in a foreign country, with little command of the language or comprehension of the patois! Nowadays we are taken from one point and put down at another with almost as little initiative on our parts as if we were post-cards. How different this from the hourly need then of *bonhomie*, attention, and civility to almost every passer-by, how it must have made them aware of their weakness and dependence on others, and disposed them to confidence in Him who alone reaches from end to end mightily and disposes all things sweetly! Yes, it was worth while to have been misinformed, to have been a little tired, a little in the dark as to how it all would end, in order to meditate

what the effect which months of nothing but this must have had on men accustomed to a home-life of regular hours, in houses where everything was paternally provided for them.

With a fresh sense, then, of intimacy with our travellers from having shared with them one of their minor trials, let us now return to their greater deeds. They gradually wound their way down along the banks of the Arc to St. Jean Maurienne. Here they were met by the advanced guard of the Spanish soldiers, who, according to the terms of the Pacification of Ghent, were moving from Flanders to Milan. Now the Spanish soldiers of those days, though ideal men to send against one's foes, were not at all desirable as travelling companions. Moreover, their numbers blocked the roads, consumed the provisions, and occupied every resting-place *en route*. Our party managed to get on as far as Aiguebelle, but then found themselves obliged to turn either to the right or to the left. On the left there were dangers as great or greater than those caused by the Spaniards. The Dauphiné was again disturbed by the French wars of religion. This left them practically no choice except to swerve to the right, and take the road to Geneva. Yet there was no little danger in entering that city. It was still a hotbed of that persecuting spirit¹ from which they had so much to fear. Moreover, Geneva was still intimately connected with England, and it might be that they would be stopped, and some of their number sent prisoners to England. Some (the older men, perhaps) hesitated, but others, young Paschal and Sherwin among them, were dying for adventure, and all felt a strange fascination drawing them to visit Beza, Calvin's successor, whose spirit had so influenced England. Moreover, they heard that Geneva was a free city, and accorded to all comers the legal right of three days' stay within her walls. If this were so, it was not a manifest imprudence to go there, and so they all resolved to go, despite the difficulties, "which," says Sherwin, "merrily we jested upon, and with great ease overcame."²

Before they came near the city they thought it well to disguise themselves. Sherwin,³ writing to Ralph Bickley, says of Campion that, "he dissembled in personage in form of a poor

¹ Galiffe, J. B., *Genève, Historique et Archéologique*, p. 206.

² It would be interesting to know whether, during this journey, they may not have met St. Francis of Sales, then a boy of thirteen. He left Annecy for Paris about this time, but I have not yet discovered the precise date. Our pilgrims would have passed about the middle of May, 1580.

³ Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia A. I.* fol. 30.

Irishman, and waited upon Mr. Paschal, which sight if you had seen how naturally he played his part, the remembrance of it would have made you merry." Thus "disfigured," they were met by the mounted patrol as soon as they entered the city liberties, and were led to the captain, who in turn passed them on to the town officials. They would have entered by the Porte Neuve, the tower flanking which upon the right is still standing, and they were then conducted to the market-place, which was curiously built with over-hanging upper storeys, propped by timber. Here the magistrates were seated in the open air, and asked our travellers a variety of questions about the parts whence they had come, whither they were bound, and the like. It soon came out that they were Catholics, but they were not maltreated on that account, though some of the standers-by were rather uncivil. The magistrates then gave them billets for "a very fair inn bearing the sign of the city, and willed that we should be very well used for our money, as we were, and this was about eleven of the clock before noon."

It seems natural to identify the "very fair inn bearing the sign of the city" with the present *Hotel de l'Écu*, which is the representative of the *Hotel de l'Écu de Genève*. In the long list of signs given at page 258 of J. B. Galiffe's *Genève, Historique et Archéologique*, there is no other which corresponds, as this does, with Father Persons' description. Its ancient sign-board, which Campion would have seen, for it bears a sixteenth-century date, was discovered a few years ago, and is now in some local museum.¹

After dining at their inn Fathers Persons and Campion, with Sherwin and Paschal, not content with having put their heads into the lion's mouth, actually proceeded to twist the animal's tail. They started off to inveigle Beza into controversy. They found his house,² and were shown into the inner court, where they were left standing. Then Beza came out. Our party introduced themselves as English scholars, who had heard speak of him in England. Beza was not displeased with the implied compliment, but was shy of taking up the burning questions on which our friends wanted to heckle him. Father Persons

¹ I am indebted for these particulars to the present landlord of the Écu. He further informed me that the old inn stood near the ancient bridge across the Rhone, and that his family (Haake) had owned it for generations.

² Its locality is now uncertain. Probably he lived at the *Ancien Collège*, where he was Rector. If so, the curious old steps in the main court may have witnessed the scene recounted in the text.

then began to draw him out, by asking him to explain to them the new constitution, which he had introduced into Geneva. Beza did this, and Persons responded that this was indeed different from the Anglican hierarchy, with which he claimed unity. Beza "answered shamefully that he knew not that, but after much declining insinuated that he it not, yet, being urged, said, as they commonly shift, that they differed in discipline not in doctrine."¹

Campion, keeping up his guise of a serving-man, had been standing all this while, cap in hand,² and he now tried to rub the sore point of Elizabeth's persecution of the Puritans. Here, however, Beza bowed them out and withdrew. Both sides were probably convinced that they had had the best of the encounter.

Going out, then, with their appetite for controversy rather whetted than sated, our future martyr and his companions met various young English Calvinists who were studying or staying in Geneva. As may be readily believed, these men were even more ardent for the fray than our friends, and so they all soon found themselves divided into groups of disputants, some of whom kept up the discussion "almost till midnight," and Sherwin, Rishton, and Kirby, not having Father Persons at hand to moderate their ardour, "challenged by them Beza and his fellow-ministers to dispute in all controversies, with this condition, that he that was justly convicted should be burnt in the place."

The consequences of this rashness might have been serious, and a Mr. Powel, a Protestant, but an old Oxford friend of both Father Persons and Father Campion, came round that very night to warn them of their danger and to advise them to be off betimes next morning. "Which speech," says Father Persons, "seemed so discreet and friendly as peace was made for that night, and in the morning very early resolution was taken to depart from thence, and so we did."

Father Campion, according to his custom, was off betimes, but met outside the gates one of the chief ministers of Geneva,

¹ Sherwin to Ralph Bickley, *ut supra*.

² "Facing out the old doting heretical fool," says Sherwin, *ut supra*, to his friend Ralph. Of course he should not have used such unparliamentary language. But young men of that day were kith and kin to those of ours, even in their foibles. And do we not forgive him his misdemeanour for the touch of nature with which it has supplied us? My readers will be reassured on hearing that this is Sherwin's worst offence, and that describing the same events to his old Rector, Father Agazzari, he is equally plain-spoken, but confines himself to more classical terms. Beza here is simply, *hoc monstrum*.

"conning his sermon." Campion, unable to resist the temptation, led him off into controversy, with the effect that when the rest of the party arrived a few minutes later, the poor man "seemed to be in a desperation," and complained that he had been "mocked about his Church." But instead of receiving any comfort from the new-comers, "all our company fell upon him, and so shook up the poor shackerel¹ before the soldiers just by the gate, until Mr. Powel desired us to leave least some harm might grow to us."

Then they pushed on till they reached the top of one of the spurs of the Jura, and from thence they looked back on the city they had left. Father Persons, who records this, says nothing of the external beauties of that scene, the broad blue lake, the distant Alps, the city of peaked roofs, pinnacles, and turrets, dominated by the Cathedral, which still lifted its towers to Heaven in mute protest against iconoclasts who ruled below. It was "a miserable city," he says, "as it seemed to us for the religion which is in it, and we said a *Te Deum Laudamus*, for delivering us from them, and, for penance of our curiosity that we had to pass that way, the whole company determined a pilgrimage to St. Clodoveus, in France, that was but eight or nine miles thence, which we performed, though the way were extreme troublesome through hills, and satisfied our devotion there."

Any one who should feel inclined to follow our pilgrims to St. Claude will not be disappointed with the visit, though the journey is a circuitous one. The body of St. Claude, miraculously preserved from decay, before which our pilgrims paid their devotions, is, alas, no longer there. In 1794, the crack-brained revolutionists cut it to pieces, carried it off, and burnt it. In carrying it out of the church, however, they dropped a hand and forearm. This relic is still preserved, and its state of preservation is wonderfully perfect. The church which stands over it is a beautiful example of pure Gothic. It is entirely devoid of ornament, having been built by the Cistercians, but its proportions, size, and massiveness, give it a stately grandeur that is refreshing indeed to those who for some time have only seen churches of the so-called Roman style. The surrounding scenery is also well worthy of mention, not less than eight well-watered valleys converging around it. Their streams are

¹ Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*. A Shackle—"a feeble, diminutive, half-distorted person."

utilized for working saw-mills. Oddly enough, one of the chief industries is turning short briar-pipes for the English market.

We must now follow our pilgrims to Rheims, whither Dr. Allen's Seminary had fled from Douay two years previously, but where they never acquired any collegiate abode, the men living all up and down the road, called after them *La Rue des Anglais*. It is a pity that this spot, interesting to us English, is not better known to the numbers of visitors who come to see the Cathedral. It lies quite close by, being the second street eastwards.

There our party arrived on the last of May, 1580, without mishap, except that on Whitmonday morning eight of their number were quite knocked up, and had to go the rest of the way slowly.

Much were they moved at seeing those poor, ill-adapted tenements, the nursery of our afflicted Church, and the *alma mater* of many of their number. "Oh, what a joy that was," writes the open-hearted Sherwin. "The College was full of old friends from Rome, and Allen is ever the same as he was. He was simply exultant with delight, embraced and welcomed us like sons, and now looks after us quite tenderly." Campion, who had left the College more than eight years, was especially welcome. Father Persons says, "There was no end of their embracing and welcoming the good man, and so much the more for that he came now for so holy and honourable a cause, though environed with more difficulties than we had yet heard of."

These difficulties were partly due to the publicity which their mission had by this time acquired. It was, I believe, inevitable that this should be so, and it really had, on the whole, more advantages than disadvantages. But at the moment they experienced this great disadvantage, that their mission was, without reason, confused with the sending of Sancioseffe to Ireland with reinforcements for the Earl of Desmond. The daring Dr. Sander had also rather complicated the situation by joining the Irish, a fact of which they then heard the first news. "But seeing," says Persons, "that it lay not in our hands to remedy the matter, our consciences being clear, we resolved ourselves with the Apostle, *per infamiam et bonam famam* to go forward only with the spiritual action we had in hand. And if God had appointed that any of us should suffer in England under a wrong title, as Himself did upon the case of a malefactor, we should lose nothing thereby, but rather gain with

Him who knew the truth, and to whom only in this enterprise we desired to please."

At this time Campion's humility, blended with other sentiments, amongst which there was perhaps a touch of his old scrupulousness, induced him to go to Allen, and ask him if he really thought that the good he was likely to do in England, would outweigh the disadvantages which must attend it under present circumstances, and justify all the trouble taken to bring him back, as well as compensate for his having abandoned such successful work at Prague?

Allen answered: "My good Father, your labours in Bemeland—though I do not doubt but that they were very profitable—yet do I imagine that another man of your Society may supply the same, [or] at least two or three. But towards of England I hope verily that Almighty God will give you strength and grace to supply for many men. And, seeing that your obligation is greater towards that country than towards any other, and the necessity of help more urgent, and the talents that God has given you more fit and proper for that than for any other land, doubt you not that all is God's holy providence, and so be you of good comfort."¹ Then Campion confessed himself quite content. He only wished to live where and as his Superiors thought best. If they were satisfied, he was.

Allen next asked him to preach to them all in English. Campion complied, and gave one of his most memorable sermons on the text, *Ignem veni mittere in terram*. All contemporary letters mention it as admirable, especially for his command of English, which he had not spoken publicly for eight years. So memorable indeed was the display of eloquence that it could hardly escape subsequent embellishment. Father Bombino tells us that passers by outside hearing his cries of Fire! Fire! thought the alarm was real, and hurried for water. The College chapel, in which this great sermon was preached, still stands. It was then called *Petit Saint-Antoine*, and stands at the corner of the *Rue des Anglais*, and the *Rue des Groseilliers*.²

¹ This is Father Person's version in his *Life of Campion (ut supra)* of Allen's words. An earlier, but rather prolix statement of them is given in Bridgewater's *Concertatio in Latin*. (p. 53.) Allen, it seems, also told him to be ready for martyrdom, and Campion regarding Allen herein as an authoritative exponent of the mind of the Church, often recounted the story, probably as justifying his own presentiments.

² Henri Jadart, in the second fascicule of E. Leblanc's *Les Monuments de Reims*, 1882, p. 4, says that in 1594, [when the English left Rheims], the place was re-let, and is described in the lease as: *Où a été par cy devant la chapelle des Anglois.*

Having rested a week at Rheims, they started on the last and most dangerous stage of their journey, the actual entrance into England. The original party divided into smaller groups and took different directions. Fathers Persons and Campion, with Brother Emerson, made for St. Omers, whence Calais, Gravelines, and Dunkirk, are all about equally distant. They avoided Douay, as they had avoided Paris, lest they should be recognized by former acquaintances. "Still there were many dangers," says Father Persons, "for that all those countries were troublesome and full of soldiers at that time, and those of divers sorts, but all dangerous to fall into their hands, which seemed impossible we should escape to those that saw the manner of our going without guard, defence, or escort. But our count was cast and our hope was in Him that is Master and Commander of all, and He led us through the midst of all without hurt, stay, or trouble, and brought us to St. Omers in health and safety . . . and not a little encouraged to think that the first mission of St. Augustine and his fellows into this island was by that city of St. Omers."

At St. Omers they found that the unpleasant rumours about them had increased and were increasing. They were told that "their very pictures and retracts" had been sent to the searchers so as to ensure their arrest on landing. The good Belgian Fathers thought the situation so grave that they at first wished to insist on the mission being "intermittent." But Father Persons got a Mr. George Chamberlain, a much respected exile for religion, to come and assure them that the danger was not as desperate as they imagined. He did so and with success. It was settled that they should again divide, that Persons should try to gain admission first, and if he succeeded, should call over his companions.

Without pausing to describe the many adventures of Father Persons during the ensuing days, it will suffice to say that he not only got through all dangers safely, but even persuaded the searcher at Dover to forward a letter to his friend Edmonds (under which disguise we easily recognize Campion), urging him to come quickly. Campion obeyed, and started across the Channel on the feast of St. John Baptist, June 24th. Arrived in England, his first care was to slip behind a neighbouring rock, and falling on his knees, to commend to God the whole cause of his coming. His next care was to seek out the same searcher who had been so friendly to Father Persons; this time, however,

with exactly the opposite result. Word had been passed round to keep a sharp look out for Dr. Allen's brother Gabriel, and Campion was stayed on suspicion of being the man, whom, in fact, he somewhat resembled. He was brought before the Mayor, who directed that he should be sent under arrest to London. Campion had now no other remedy but prayer. His prayers, however, were heard. The Mayor suddenly changed his mind as to the resemblance to Gabriel Allen, and let Campion go free.

A last danger remained, and that was to get into touch again with friends in London, whose addresses he knew not, and for whom he could not inquire without exciting suspicion. Father Persons, however, had foreseen this difficulty and provided for it as best he could by telling off certain Catholics to await the arrivals from Dover. We are so used to our trains coming to fixed platforms at fixed times, that we probably under-estimate the difficulty of securing a meeting, when nothing is known of day, hour, or place, at which the new-comer may be expected, and he is not known by sight to the seekers. Both Campion, therefore, and the rest, attributed to a very special providence the impulse by which Father Persons' sentinel at the Thames Wharf, who had only a few indications to go by, felt drawn to step down to a certain boat-side and say, "Mr. Edmonds, give me your hand ; I stay here to guide you to your friends."

Blessed Edmond's journey had ended without mishap.

J. H. POLLEN.

The Lambeth Encyclical.

THERE was much to attract an unusual degree of attention to the Lambeth Conference of the present year. It is the year of the Diamond Jubilee, when we have all been trying to realize the greatness of the British Empire, and have welcomed every pageant which could set graphically before our eyes its extent and the variety of its life. A gathering of Anglican Bishops was an appropriate accompaniment to the secular celebrations, and it was not unsuitable that in order to secure it, the recurrence of the decennial Conference should have been anticipated by one year. Nor can it be denied that the gathering was really impressive. It would be a misconception indeed to suppose that, like the Fathers of the Vatican Council, these Bishops represent a unity of communion binding together nationalities diverse among themselves in speech and character. In spite of the suggestive sound of the titles which some of them bear, they represent the propagation of the race much more than the propagation of the faith. Still, the sight of so large a number formed into one procession and sweeping into Canterbury Cathedral must have been most inspiring, and was calculated to stir deeply the hearts of those who witnessed it. It is not in irony but in sympathy that we say these words, for we desire to sympathize with all that is fair and of good report, wherever it may be found, and we find a great deal of it here. It is surely a thing fair and of good report to all who love our Lord, that in this unbelieving age there should be these one hundred and ninety-four men of talent and earnestness who, in so many regions of the earth, are devoting their lives to His service so far as they understand it, and are superintending a like devotedness on the part of others. It is surely a consoling spectacle to see them assembled together and striving to aid one another to grapple with the complex problems touching the spiritual and temporal welfare of mankind, which the nature of their work has forced upon their

attention. And surely it awakens our sympathy when we read the touching paragraph with which they conclude their encyclical address.

We have throughout our deliberations endeavoured to bear in mind the great work that we are engaged in doing, and the presence with us of the Lord and Master who has given us this work to do. The effort to counsel one another, and to counsel the members of our Church throughout the world, has drawn us consciously nearer to Him whom we have been desiring to serve. We pray earnestly that as He has been with us in our deliberations, so also He may be with us in all our attempts to live and to labour in the same spirit of devotion. We know that we can do nothing without Him, and we pray that that knowledge may perpetually lift our thoughts to His very self, and inspire our work with the zeal and the perseverance, with the humility and the self-surrender which ever characterize His true disciples; so that we all may be able to abide in Him and to obtain His loving promise to abide in us.

And yet the hopelessness of it all! So splendid an array of force, and such impotence in the result!

We are aware that this is the feeling of many Anglicans as well as of ourselves. They had been sorely exercised about some of the problems which the Conference has had to consider—about the attitude of missionaries towards polygamy in intending converts, about the sanction accorded by some of their prelates to the re-marriage of the divorced, about the various aspects of the Reunion movement. It was to the Conference their eyes were turned in the hopes that, now when they had secured so large a representation of their own doctrinal views on the episcopal bench, they might obtain from the wisdom of these collected prelates a declaration of distinct and uncompromising orthodoxy. All through the month of July their hope was sustained, but now the Encyclical is published, and their hope is changed into disappointment. On no one of these subjects is any satisfactory guidance, or indeed any guidance at all, given. All is left indefinite and unsettled. All that issues out of their deliberations is a collection of vague phrases, which every one understands to be but the decent veil cast over a hopeless divergence of aims and objects.

Some few subjects there are, no doubt, on which these prelates are likely to have been in agreement among themselves. On the immense importance of purity, of temperance, of infusing

a Christian spirit into the relations between employer and employed, of the desirability of arbitration rather than of war for the settlement of international disputes—on such matters they were sure to be in agreement, although even here we cannot find in their pronouncements any very valuable guidance. They make no provisions for any practical dealing with the evils: they state certain truisms, and that is all. But it was in view of the points into which doctrinal considerations enter that High Churchmen were looking to the Conference, and it is in regard to these they are experiencing the soreness of disappointment. They wanted a condemnation of divorce *in se* as forbidden by the Divine Law, and they get instead a protest against the too frequent recourse to the Divorce Courts, which of course implies that under certain circumstances divorce is permissible. They wanted an acceptance of the principle of vows and of the Religious life, and they are put off by a declaration that so important a subject requires longer consideration. They wanted to be told how much of what the different schools of Biblical criticism are confidently preaching can be made to consist with continued belief in Biblical inspiration, and they are treated only to a few truisms on the necessity of critical research, and the impropriety of condemning it in itself.

We must, however, pass over these sections of the Encyclical, interesting as they would have been to discuss, and come at once to the section on Church Unity—for it is to this section that the more Catholic-minded Anglicans were chiefly looking, and it is here that they have experienced their chief disappointment.

The prelates are agreed among themselves as to the abstract desirability of a united Christendom, and they “recommend that every opportunity be taken to emphasize the Divine purpose of visible unity amongst Christians as a fact of revelation.” Such a recommendation is in its right place, no doubt, at the beginning of a deliverance on reunion, and its authors will not object to our associating with it, as equally expressive of their mind, the words of their Committee on Church Unity :

We are thankful that the subject of Christian unity is gaining an increasing hold upon the thoughts, and, we believe, upon the prayers, of Christian people. The day is passed in which men could speak of the Church of God as if it were an aggregate of trading establishments, as if our divisions promoted a generous rivalry, and saved us from apathy and indolence. Men of all schools of thought are realizing the

grievous injury which has been done to Christianity by the separations which part holy men and women of various Christian bodies from each other.¹

There is truth in these words, and it is a very welcome truth. When the tide turns, there is hope that it may reach the shingle. Still, when such a big Conference assembles at Lambeth, we expect from it something more than an act of thankful recognition of this or any other consoling tendency of the times. Emphasizing the Divine purpose of visible unity does not carry us very far. There is another "fact of revelation" besides "the Divine purpose of visible unity among Christians," and that is the Divine purpose of sound doctrine among Christians. The whole difficulty is not in recognizing but in co-ordinating these two things. What the "Catholic-minded" followers reasonably desired of the Conference was that it should state clearly and distinctly the conditions which its members, as the representatives of the Anglican body—its only possible representatives in the eyes of anti-Erastian Anglicans—deemed to be necessary and at the same time sufficient, and which, therefore, they were prepared to offer to other religious communities. As they were proposing not merely to recommend in a general way that people interested should emphasize the Divine purpose of unity, but were likewise appointing committees to negotiate for eventual inter-communion with other religious communities, was it not particularly incumbent on them to draw up such a definite statement of the conditions offered? Similar negotiations were recommended and projected in the previous Conferences, but they do not seem to have come to any result. Was it wonderful, when there was no definite basis on which they could go?

But we may be told that the Lambeth Fathers have fully recognized the prior claim of truth, and have expressly laid down the conditions which they are prepared to offer to the other Churches. Well, in a sense, they have. They have not indeed said anything on this crucial point in the Encyclical itself, or in the appended Resolutions for which they make themselves responsible; but they have in the Report of Church Unity. There they tell us, with much emphasis, that they "cannot barter away any of their God-given trust," they "cannot concede any of their essential principles," and hence we

¹ P. 110.

find that "the question of unity led them to consider once more on what basis such unity might be established." They reconsidered, it seems, the Four Articles devised for this purpose by the Conference of 1888, and they (does "they" mean the Conference or only the Committee) "now to-day can only reaffirm this position as expressing all that we can formulate as a basis for conference."

The Articles referred to are found in Resolution XI. of the Conference of 1888, which runs thus :

That, in the opinion of this Conference, the following Articles supply a basis on which approach may be, by God's blessing, made towards Home Reunion.

(A) The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as "containing all things necessary to salvation," and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith.

(B) The Apostles' Creed, as the Baptismal symbol; and the Nicene Creed, as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith.

(C) The two Sacraments ordained by Christ Himself—Baptism and the Supper of the Lord—ministered with unfailing use of Christ's words of institution, and of the elements ordained by Him.

(D) The Historic Episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the Unity of His Church.

There is just the one element of uncertainty to which allusion has been made—that these Articles are not adopted by the Encyclical or the Resolutions of the recent Conference: Still, the Bishops would hardly have allowed the Committee to print them and claim them as Articles drawn up by the previous Conference, which it was now desired to reaffirm, unless they themselves accepted the position thus laid down. We may proceed therefore on the supposition that we have in these Four Articles the basis on which the coming negotiations are to be conducted. The question which now arises, or rather which has arisen, and has already been answered by the class of Anglicans we have in mind, is whether this basis is satisfactory, and whether it is likely to lead to any desirable mode of reunion. Is it satisfactory to those who view the subject from a Catholic standpoint, or even to the larger number of those who like people to say straight out what they mean?

The difficulty is, in the first place, to know what the Conference means by "a basis." Do they mean that the Four Articles supply what the Anglican Church must require, but all

that it will require, so that if any other body is prepared to give this much it may count on its offer being accepted, and inter-communion being granted to it? Or do they mean only that this is to be the starting-point for any negotiations into which they can consent to enter, and that being such it represents approximately what they must require, and what they will yield, although they would wish to stipulate for a little more, and foresee that they may have to accept a little less? These two possibilities are distinguishable in themselves, and therefore required to be distinguished, since in negotiations it is essential that the parties should understand each other, and it is impossible for another to understand you, if you have not first succeeded in understanding yourself. Still, for our present study, it is not necessary to insist further on this distinction; it will be enough to assume, what we are surely entitled to assume, that the Four Articles supply, at least approximately, the sole conditions which the Anglican Church, speaking through the most impressive representation of its episcopate ever yet seen, will feel it necessary to exact of Churches entering into sacramental communion with it.

In other words, the "visible unity" after which they aspire is a visible unity of communion based on the wide toleration of divergent opinions, not a visible unity of communion based on a visible unity of belief, which in turn is based on a principle of authority. Let us understand clearly the distinction. In the Catholic Church all is kept together by the principle of authority. Authority has settled a range of questions so wide that it ensures certainty in regard to all the ordinary incidents and duties of spiritual life and conduct; but beyond this range of settled questions is an area of questions which as yet are only in the course of settlement, and on which the voice of authority may or may not speak at some future date. The consequent attitude of Catholics towards doctrine and practice is this. All that is settled they accept on the Church's authority, endeavouring to understand its meaning and to conform their lives to its standard. What is as yet unsettled they may differ over and dispute about, but only in so far as they hold themselves in readiness to submit to the decision of authority, if ever it should be given. Their unity of belief and communion is thus based on a *formal* principle.

The alternative principle of cohesion is not formal at all, but amounts to this. The uniting individuals or churches,

in the exercise of their judgment on Holy Scripture, find themselves to differ very much indeed in the beliefs they have gathered from its pages. Of these differing beliefs some they account so fundamental that they cannot consent to hold sacramental Communion with persons who think otherwise ; but all other differences which lie outside this inner ring of fundamentals they are prepared to tolerate in one another, and will not feel themselves bound to break off communion in consequence. It will be noticed that in this second system authority has no part, for authority, unless the word is to be taken merely in a derived sense, is an attribute of a living teacher, not of a dead book. It will be noticed also that in this second system the ring of fundamentals may be larger or smaller according as the uniting parties attach vital importance to a larger or smaller number of doctrines. It will be noticed likewise that the first system alone merits the name of Catholic in its ordinary sense, the very essence of the distinction between Catholicism and Protestantism lying in this, that one bows to authority, the other clings to the right of private judgment.

We see, then—and the Catholic-minded Anglicans are taking note of it—that their most recent Lambeth Conference has been faithful to the tradition of its predecessors, and has raised a Protestant, not a Catholic, standard of unity. But we see also how very wide is the door which they fling open ; how few are the fundamentals they propose to exact. Given a religious body like the American Methodists, who have a three-fold ministry of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. They fulfil all the conditions asked by the Conference, or would do so if only they were to allow—we are not even sure whether the Conference would exact this—their Bishops to undergo a ceremony of consecration at the hands of some Anglican prelate. Indeed, even less than a body of Episcopalian Methodists might be prepared to give, would sufficiently comply with the Lambeth conditions. There is an ominous passage in the Report on Church Unity which, if words mean anything, must have been intended to signify that the four Articles of the previous Conference are deemed susceptible of a far-going Rationalistic interpretation.

The circumstances of our Christendom [this Report says] are rapidly producing the condition which is antagonistic to separation. The circumstances to which we refer are such as these : larger and more liberal views of the interpretation of Scripture ; movements which

enlarge and correct men's knowledge of primitive Church history ; the overthrow of metaphysical systems which deprave and discolour the attributes of God ; belief in and love of the living ascended Christ, giving earnestness and beauty to Christian worship ; thought critical, ethical, aesthetic—these things are bringing about the condition in which union will be as natural as disunion has been for some centuries.

That a door so wide should be opened to outsiders is not, perhaps, remarkable in itself. Rather it seems only reasonable on the part of a Church which allows quite that latitude of belief and practice to her own sons. But those who have learnt to lay stress on doctrines like the Real Objective Presence, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, Confession, and the Power of Absolution, and have fondly persuaded themselves that their Church had been faithful in preserving this precious inheritance of the old religion ; those who precisely on that ground had deemed themselves entitled to claim corporate reunion with the Holy See—with what feelings must they listen to this project for negotiation in which all such doctrines are treated as of minor consequence ? What, too, must be their feelings when, turning sadly from the pages of this Report on Church Unity, to inspect the list of those who were on the Committee, they find among them the Archbishop of York (Chairman), and the Bishop of London ? These two prelates are not likely to have been on the Committee without influencing powerfully its conclusions, and yet they are the two who of late have been regarded as specially favourable to the Reunion doings of the High Church party.

But we have not yet done with the Reunion paragraphs of the Encyclical. Several committees are to be appointed to negotiate with external communities, in the hopes of "establishing a clearer understanding and closer relations with them," and the bodies to be thus approached are the Churches of the East, the *Unitas Fratrum*, the "Scandinavian Church," and the Nonconformists at home.

On the unity of the Church our committee has not been able to propose any resolutions which would bind us to immediate further action. A committee has been appointed to open correspondence with a view to establish a clearer understanding and closer relations with the Churches of the East. The Archbishop of Canterbury has been requested to appoint committees to look into the position of the *Unitas Fratrum* and the Scandinavian Church, with both of which we desire to cultivate the most friendly possible relations. We recommend also that every opportunity be taken to emphasize the Divine purpose of

visible unity amongst Christians as a fact of revelation. We recommend that committees of Bishops be appointed everywhere to watch for and originate opportunities of united prayer and mutual conference between representatives of different Christian bodies, and to give counsel where counsel may be asked; these committees to report to the next Lambeth Conference what has been accomplished in this matter.

Above all, we urge the duty of special intercession for the unity of the Church in accordance with the Lord's own prayer as recorded in the Gospel of St. John.

And further, an expression of sympathy and encouragement with their respective movements is offered to the Old Catholics, and to the authors of other attempts to divide the Catholic Church on the Continent, in Mexico, and in Brazil—the Old Catholics in Germany and Switzerland being spoken of as already in communion with the Anglican Church, but the others being left without an invitation to share in this privilege:

We recognize with warm sympathy the endeavours that are being made to escape from the usurped authority of the See of Rome as we ourselves regained our freedom three centuries ago. We are well aware that such movements may sometimes end in quitting not merely the Roman obedience, but the Catholic Church itself, and surrendering the doctrine of the Sacraments, or even some of the great verities of the Creeds. But we must not anticipate that men will go wrong until they have begun to do so, and we feel some confidence in expressing our warm desire for friendly relations with the Old Catholic community in Germany, with the Christian Catholic Church in Switzerland, and with the Old Catholics in Austria; our attitude of hopeful interest in the endeavour to form an autonomous Church in Mexico and in the work now being done in Brazil; and our sympathy with the brave and earnest men (if we may use the words of the Conference of 1888) of France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, who have been driven to free themselves from the burden of unlawful terms of communion imposed by the Church of Rome.

The first thing which must strike us here is the strange medley of incompatible elements. Who, we ask ourselves, could wish to enter into communion with religious bodies so diverse in themselves as the Churches of the East, which, except for their attitude towards the See of Peter, are in their faith and practice practically identical with the Catholic Church, and Old Catholics, which are nearly so, and at the same time with bodies like the *Unitas Fratrum* (i.e., the Moravians), the Scandinavian Lutherans, and the Nonconformist bodies at home and in the United States? But the puzzle is solved when we

reflect on the heterogeneous composition of the Lambeth episcopate. It is obvious that we have here another veil hiding a radical difference of aims and objects. The High Church Bishops suggested the approach to the Eastern Churches, and drew attention to the recent interchange of courtesies between English and Russian ecclesiastics. The Low Church Bishops then objected, and suggested that the fitter subjects for approach were the Moravian Brethren, and the Scandinavian Lutherans, with whom their clergy are brought in contact in the foreign missions and in America; and their Nonconformist Brethren at home. In the dispute, if such there was, each side will have appealed to the precedents set by the Conference of 1888, and the propriety of carrying on the work from where that Conference had left it. From such a clash of desires the natural outlet, according to Anglican Episcopal conceptions, was by accepting both proposals and taking refuge in a few vague phrases. Hence we have three separate committees for dealing with the Easterns, the Scandinavians, and the Moravians, and a recommendation to appoint committees in various places to deal with the local Nonconformists. Hence too we have the hand held out to German Old Catholics on the one side, and on the other to the ultra-Protestant sects recently started in Mexico by the American Board of Missions, and in Spain and Portugal by Signor Cabrera—against the schismatic character of whose consecration, by-the-by, when it was undertaken by Archbishop Plunket, the English Church Union felt it necessary to protest in a letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo. Archbishop Plunket always maintained against his censors that he was only doing what the Lambeth Conference of 1888 had encouraged him to do. His contention is perfectly borne out by the Conference of 1897.

The bare fact that the Lambeth Bishops should be proposing to negotiate with these various communities, and be inviting them to union on a basis of such wide comprehension,¹ is enough of itself to stamp the Lambeth Conference as thoroughly Protestant in its character. Still it is of interest

¹ It is true that the Four Articles are expressly offered as a basis for negotiation only to the Nonconformists, but if they are offered to them, they must be offered to the others likewise. It may indeed be that some other Churches will be prepared to hold more in common with the Anglican Church than is contained in the Four Articles. Still it would be necessary for the Anglican Church to explain to such other Churches that it did not stipulate for more than these points, and it would be as a Church of that nature that the other Churches would have to unite with it.

to speculate as to the probable results of the negotiations. In spite of the ecclesiastical civilities interchanged between Russia and England during the visits of Archbishop Maclagan and Bishop Creighton to Russia, and of the Archbishop of Finland to this country, in spite too of the coming visit of four Russian ecclesiastics to study the ways of the Anglican Church, we doubt much if anything will come of the negotiations with Russia. The Lambeth Bishops seem to imagine that further knowledge of each other is the chief thing wanted, and that when it is completed these two Churches may be expected to rush into each other's arms. But we fear lest the effect of increased knowledge should be of an opposite kind. The English know the Russians sufficiently already; but the Russians do not as yet know much of the English. When they have learnt to know them, and to know that they are a comprehensive Church which negotiates on the basis of the Four Articles, we fear the Russians will drop them like a hot coal—for the Russians hate a comprehensive Church, being practically as Catholic as we are, save for the one point of Papal Supremacy.

As regards the other Churches mentioned, if we do not anticipate that much will come of the overtures to them, it is only because, somehow or other, they do not seem to care much about Reunion, and perhaps too the Anglican Bishops are not very serious in their negotiations. Otherwise the liberal platform of the Four Articles should surely smooth the path for all of them. Mr. Hugh Price Hughes opined at the Canterbury lunch, that on due examination it would probably be found that the barrier separating Anglicans and Nonconformists was chiefly social. What he meant doubtless was that a Bishop, in Nonconformist eyes, was chiefly a man who sat in the House of Lords, lived in a palace, drew five thousand a year, and moved in society. It is the social magnate to which the Nonconformist chiefly objects; but the present generation of Bishops are fast stripping themselves of social exclusiveness, whilst, on the other hand, the readiness to "adapt the Historic Episcopate in its methods of administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples," should suffice to satisfy completely the Nonconformist taste. The President, for instance, of the Wesleyan Conference is practically a Bishop. Let him be consecrated by an Anglican Bishop so as to make his episcopate "historic," and all the rest—the temporary character of his tenure, and the controlling powers of the Nonconformist laity—

would come well within the scope of the permitted adaptation to varying needs. The Scandinavians, if we may trust the interesting information about their Orders supplied in the Report on Church Unity, have an historical succession and an Ordinal which quite attains to the standard claimed as sufficient by the Anglican Archbishops in their recent *Responsio*. There ought therefore to be no impediment in the way of Reunion with them. The aforesaid Report is more jejune on the history and methods of the Moravians. To judge, however, from the account given of them in Holmes' *History of the Moravian Brethren*, they too comply already with the requirements of the Four Articles. They have a three-fold ministry, and a succession which goes back to the pre-Reformation period, and it is hard to think that their Ordinal would fail to reach the easy standard of sufficiency advocated in the *Responsio*. As for doctrine, the Moravians can at least appeal to the Act of Parliament of 1749, which in accepting them in this kingdom as a recognized religious denomination, described them as "an ancient Protestant Episcopal Church which had been countenanced and relieved by the Kings of England, his Majesty's predecessors," and declared that "their doctrine differed in no essential article of faith from that of the Church of England as set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles." It would seem therefore as though, if we leave out the "Churches of the East," the Lambeth Fathers might hope for a favourable result of their negotiations with the various religious bodies they have in mind. And yet somehow or other we fear, as they apparently do too, that the favourable result will not come in the future any more than in the past. Although union on a basis of comprehension seems so easy, and union on the basis of complete submission to a single ecumenical authority seems so difficult to poor human nature, the experience of three hundred years has shown us that it is as hard for the separatists to unite on the former basis, as it is easy for Catholics to hold together on the latter.

There is one more significant feature in the Lambeth Encyclical which has not passed unobserved. We believe that many Anglicans were looking for some direct reference to what has been happening between Rome and England during the last three years. They even expected that such a reference would form a prominent feature in the Encyclical. That these expectations have not been realized may perhaps be due to the spirit of peace which the Bishops were endeavouring to

cultivate; for we must acknowledge the kindly spirit which animates the sections on this subject in the Report of the Committee—although this Report still persists in the curious misconception that the Pope has thrown over the superabundant arguments which he did not require to use. But the omission which will strike every one as so significant is the omission of all reference to the Archbishops' *Responsio*. The Report in a single clause alludes to it as an historical fact, and thereby brought it officially under the notice of the Conference. But the Conference itself passes it by in absolute silence. Why this mysterious reticence?

The question is as easy to answer as to put. Manifestly we have here another instance of the decent veil cast over a conflict of views. The *Responsio* does not really defend Anglican Orders from a Catholic point of view; rather it is a curious mixture in which an essentially Protestant doctrine of the ministry is clothed in a somewhat Catholic phraseology. The result, however, of the mixture has been to confuse minds in a wonderful way. The High Church party have been captured by the Catholic phraseology, and have lauded the *Responsio* to the skies. The Low Church party have been repelled by the same, and have bewailed the document as an act verging on apostasy. Whilst neither side has seen that its doctrine—which is, after all, of more importance than phraseology—should have exactly reversed their attitude towards it. Such being the respective feelings of the two parties towards it, when they met at Lambeth we understand how one party must have desired its acceptance and the other its condemnation by the Conference, and how the strange reticence which we find in the Encyclical was the compromise in which the conflict terminated. Still it was a compromise in which the Low Churchmen obtained the larger share; for to pass over a document of so much importance in which the two principal members of the Conference had co-operated, was a virtual declaration that the Conference disclaimed all connection with their Graces' action. So that we have in this significant omission one more demonstration of the essentially Protestant character of the Anglican communion.

What, then, is to be our final judgment on the Lambeth Encyclical? It seems to us that the conclusion it supports is precisely that which Mr. Fillingham of Hexton has lately been advocating. Mr. Fillingham may not be a dignitary, or a

prominent leader in the communion to which he belongs, but he has the merit of stating the Anglican position with a directness which, if a little brutal, is at all events incisively clear. "It is a Church which does not teach," he says, "and just for that very reason I like it." This conception is intelligible, and though they will not all own to it, is undoubtedly that which possesses almost entirely the minds of the present generation of Anglicans. Their Church is for them a religious organization in which a certain degree of order is maintained as regards the assignment of work, but in which perfect freedom is left to each individual to believe and teach what he deems right, and, within a certain broad area, to give his own ritual expression to his personal beliefs. We do not say that the Anglican communion was always thus. The formularies witness to a more rigid system as originally intended. But the originally intended system is obsolete. It has been destroyed by public opinion and ecclesiastical lawsuits. That system must be held to exist now which is now allowed to prevail, and there is no longer any practical obstacle to prevent a teaching and practice approximating to that of the Catholic Church, from existing side by side with a teaching and practice in close affinity with that of Calvinism, and perhaps with a third system difficult to distinguish from Deism or even Positivism. We are not complaining of the system in itself. If it were true that our Lord had made no provision for the perpetual guardianship of His revelation ; if he had left man to devise his own methods for groping his way through the gloom, and striving to detect the uncertain outline of the truths intended for him, then such an organization would seem the best adapted to his needs ; for then we could have nothing better, and it would be possible to infuse into the working of the system a spirit of piety and zeal, of charity and purity, and of other virtues, which would have a powerful effect in purifying and elevating men's hearts and preparing them for Heaven. The Anglican communion is itself an illustration—a very bright illustration—of this, and in the actions and utterances of the Lambeth Conference, what we really witness is the earnest endeavour of a non-teaching system to grapple with its own peculiar problems, and, by solving them appropriately, to perfect its capacity for doing the kind of good which lies within its reach.

It is only when any one attempts to regard a Lambeth Conference as an assembly of Catholic prelates endowed with

a real teaching authority under commission from our Lord Himself, that its pronouncements and recommendations begin to appear in a ludicrous light. And it is this only that we have sought to show. For the conscientious endeavour of the Lambeth prelates to meet the necessities of their own non-teaching communion, and develop its power of doing good work, we have nothing but sympathy and admiration. We would exhort, however, those whom we have called Catholic-minded Anglicans to learn the lesson which this Encyclical points out so clearly. They know, as we do, that our Lord did not leave His revelation unguarded, and His children to grope after a truth wrapped up in the darkness of uncertainty. They know that He did leave behind Him a teaching Church to be our sure guide from earth to Heaven, and their only perplexity is where to look for the teaching Church. Have they not had now at last sufficient proof that they must not look for it at Lambeth? "The Church of England," said Cardinal Manning on one occasion, when referring to the Gorham judgment, "was asked to speak as a teacher sent from God. She did not speak—because God had not sent her." As it was then, so it is now at Lambeth. She has not spoken because God has not sent her.

S. F. S.

The Run of the Rosemere.

II.

WE were behind scheduled time when approaching Regina, and the driver made a spurt to get us in on the minute. "Pulling up time," is what the trainmen call it, a harder task than impatient and fuming travellers dream of, especially when trains are going at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. Happily, the *Rosemere* did not try to cross the prairies so rapidly as that, and a half-hour was soon gained on a level stretch.

Regina is the capital of the North-West Territories, a small town planted and growing in the middle of the plain. While the *Rosemere* was standing at the station, a troop of red-coated horsemen came cantering over from a barrack some distance away. They were members of the North-West Mounted Police Force, organized, in 1873, by Act of Parliament, for the preservation of order in the Territories. The headquarters are at Regina, and the whole force is seven hundred strong. According to the official Year-book, the work that is yearly done by the mounted police can hardly be realized by any one unfamiliar with the enormous extent of territory that they have to guard. The men patrol steadily along the frontier from Emerson to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of eight hundred miles, keeping down raiding, cattle-stealing, and smuggling, as well as protecting peaceable settlers along the border. They see that the Indians do not leave their reserves. They maintain the ordinance against starting fires on the prairies. They have immediate charge of the cattle-quarantine on the frontier. They are, in short, responsible for the preservation of law and order throughout a district of upwards of three hundred thousand square miles, and some idea may be formed of the amount of work done when it is considered that over fifteen hundred thousand square miles are annually patrolled by the force in the discharge of duty. A mounted policeman, in his brilliant uniform, puts

as much awe into the heart of an Indian as would a personal pow-wow with Her Britannic Majesty herself.

Along the route between Regina and Calgary, we saw, at some of the stations, policemen and Indians, the latter admirable specimens of the Blackfoot tribes, tall and straight, dressed in blankets and buckskin leggings. They strutted along the platforms like old Romans in their togas, utterly indifferent to the staring eyes of the pale-faced eastern strangers. I think it was at Swift Current, or one of the neighbouring stations, that I saw a Blackfoot Indian, over six feet high, covered with his many-coloured blanket, and with a dozen or so of brass rings running up his ears. He was selling polished buffalo-horns, and one of our passengers approached him to buy a pair. The Indian put his price, the passenger offered less; the Indian refused further negotiations, and the air of injured dignity which he assumed as he threw his horns over his shoulder, and sidled away, simply disconcerted the would-be purchaser. He then offered the Indian the full price, but he refused to sell.

Calgary is also a prairie town, rapidly advancing in population, and assuming importance as a railway centre. We shall hear more of this town when an Alaska-Siberian Railway is opened to the world; for it is from Calgary that the Canadian Pacific branches to the north through the Province of Alberta. When traffic warrants the expenditure, the rails will be pushed through Athabasca to the Arctic circle. It may sound extravagant at the present time to mention an Alaskan railway route to Europe, but who knows what the next century may bring forth? The great Russian railway across Siberia will offer an all-rail route from Paris to the Pacific Ocean. The approach of the trans-Siberian road to the coast of the Pacific, will undoubtedly stimulate twentieth-century magnates to lay steel through Alaska. The engineering difficulties are great, but are they insurmountable? Behring Strait could be crossed by some powerful system of train-ferriage. And here we have mapped out for us a railway route from New York to Paris, one that would throw M. Jules Verne's calculations of an Around-the-World trip into the shade. The *Scientific American* estimates that the time from New York to the Pacific coast would be five days; six from Behring Strait; fourteen from the Strait to London; six from London to New York. So that Mr. Fogg would not have the slightest difficulty in circling the globe in

thirty-one days. Were he to take the Canadian Pacific Railway route, he could do it in twenty-nine.

It was in the neighbourhood of Calgary, and west of it, that the frequent buffalo-trails, still deep in the surface of the plains leading to ponds and streams, recalled the original possessors of the soil. There is no more curious—I was going to say, pathetic—page in the history of the West, than the passing of the bison. An old report, the only one I could lay hands on, from the pen of Henry Youle Hind, who crossed the plains between 1857 and 1859, gives some reliable data as to the number of buffaloes slaughtered yearly in British territory alone. He estimates that about 145,000 were killed by the Hudson's Bay Company between the years 1844 and 1859, the period when that company began to traffic to any great extent in robes. In 1855, 20,000 robes and skins were received at York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, for exportation to Europe, which, making allowances, would give about 23,000 slaughtered the previous year. On the American side, the traffic was pursued on similar lines. Thirty years ago, four or five million buffaloes roamed over the American plains. The building of the various transcontinental lines, divided the animals into herds, which made them easier of access. The work of final extermination then began, and the rapacity displayed in the greed for hides is perhaps unparalleled even among African ivory-hunters. All that remain of the lord of the plains are the water-trails, and the heaps of bones, bleached and gathered in beside the prairie-stations, awaiting shipment to eastern sugar refineries.

The disappearance of the buffalo marked the advent of the ranchman and the cowboy, both representatives of an industry that has sprung up in recent years. During the summer and fall of 1895, between fifty and sixty thousand head of cattle were shipped over the Canadian Pacific Railway to the eastern and British markets. This was an increase of over sixty-five per cent. on preceding years. The figures are given here to show the extent of the trade. In 1896, 760,000 head of live stock were carried over the lines of this company.

Several members of Mr. Spencer's party were looking forward with not a little expectation to the sight of cowboys clad in fringed deer-skin breeches, weighed down with ammunition and Winchesters, hiding their bronzed faces under broad-brimmed hats, and lazily lounging on their bronchos, in the midst of their herds. My own expectations were, perhaps, more

eager than the rest ; for I recalled the first cowboy I had met, a couple of years ago, at Schreiber, on Lake Superior. He was a Blackfoot half-breed, who had charge of a car-load of bronchos on their way to Montreal. When the car entered the Schreiber cattle-yard, the prairie stranger was dressed in a perfectly normal fashion. He had such a splendid chance, there and then, to show himself off in colours before us, and did not do it, that I could not help admiring his good sense. But the delay in Schreiber was two hours, and the temptation was too great. An hour later he was done up in paints, and blankets, and feathers, with a face on him, and ear-rings, that would send a chill down your spinal column.

The *Rosemere's* party was doomed to disappointment ; the men we saw were dressed like ordinary mortals ; but we could not help admiring their dexterous manoeuvring with their bronchos. Those men live on horseback ; they know that goring and certain death await them if they venture on foot among the wild prairie cattle. Theirs is a dangerous occupation. Thousands of long, sharp horns are ever ready to be driven in between the ribs of a luckless cowboy, and notwithstanding precautions, an occasional horn does happen to get in there. Before this standing danger, as well as for other reasons, it is a problem why ranchers do not consult their own and their *employés'* interests, and dishorn cattle when they are still calves. The operation is only a slight one, and experience has shown that where this custom of dishorning prevails on American ranches, less damage is done to hides, cattle fatten more rapidly, are more docile, are mastered more easily, and their shipment to seaboard on the stock-cars is very much more readily done than with horned cattle.

During the fattening season, ranchers and cowboys move with their herds hundreds of miles in every direction, when thousands and tens of thousands of cattle mingle in utter promiscuity, browsing on prairie grass, and carrying their owners' private mark burnt into their hides. These marks form what a recent writer calls the heraldry of the plains. When the fattening season is ended, and the time for the "round-up" and shipment eastward to Europe arrives, the private mark makes it an easy task to single out the property of the various owners.

It is precisely during the "round-up," that the cowboys show their marvellous skill ; it is then that the traditional red-rag is frequently brought into play. Generally the task of corraling

cattle prior to shipment is easy enough. But sometimes the herds grow uneasy and agitated, and appear jealous of their liberty. One of the prettiest movements on the plains at this time is what is known as "balking a stampede." Thousands of cattle, as if conscious of the fate that awaits them, and as if to protest against their forced trip to seaboard, gallop over the prairies in various directions, coming together, time and again, without order or design. Presently, an old bullock, wiser than the rest, whose widespread horns had often made prairie dust fly, and fur from the ribs of many a rival, comes out from the middle of the herd, raises his proud head, sniffs the air, places himself like a chief at the front of the army, and starts off at full gallop. Hundreds, sometimes thousands, follow the leader, quite unconscious of any destination, having a world of prairie before them, with no reason for stopping till they drop, as many of them do, or till the Rocky Mountains, or the Arctic circle, bar their passage. When they are well under way, a daring cowboy drives his spur into the flank of his fleet-footed broncho, and flies like the wind in the direction of the cattle. Gaining slowly on the old chief, he flaunts a red flag before his eyes, attracts his attention, and then usurps the leadership himself. Describing an immense curve, sometimes enclosing miles, the better to hide his plan, he draws the whole army galloping after him to the corral, where it is lodged, while waiting to be divided up according to the owners' brands.

One of the practices cattle-owners have to contend against is "re-branding." Dishonest ranchmen and traders find nothing easier than to augment the number of their stock by catching a calf already branded, and adding a dash or a dot to the owner's mark: it is so easy to make a Q out of an O or a T out of an I. This is frequently done; but cattle-stealing on the plains is a crime that caps any in the Decalogue, and those who want to engage in it, and who value their lives, must take their precautions.

The *Rosemere* had been out from Winnipeg already thirty-three hours, and even the ranches were growing monotonous. But there was to be an end of it. The air had taken on a sensible chill. Occasional lakes and ponds, with fogs lying low over them, were passed. The hours of that afternoon were fast dropping away, and we could not help remarking that the sun was setting earlier than usual. A glance westward showed us the snow-capped Rockies, with the flat hills at their feet already plunged in darkness, and we retired for the night to dream of

glaciers and grizzlies, with the firm consciousness, however, that the morrow would mark an epoch in our lives.

The hundred-ton iron monster that bore us onward so rapidly had left the plains and the flat-hills far behind it, and had already passed through two lofty vertical walls when we rolled out of our berths next morning. This was the "gap" or gate of the Rocky Mountains, that we missed seeing. Running along the edge of the Bow River, the *Rosemere* had already slowed up at Canmore before I took my first peep outside.

After the monotony of a thousand miles over the level plains, the colossal upheavals that suddenly meet your gaze make you think that the world itself has turned on end. The Three Sister Peaks towering over Canmore station, with their pearly top-knots frozen up among the clouds, was the first bit of scenery begging to be looked at. But when you have six hundred miles of sublime mountain views before you, you can afford to wait; and after a wholesome whiff of the bracing morning air, I returned to the car, promising myself more than a passing glance at Banff, the Wonderland, the central spot of the Rocky Mountain Park. It was only a passing glance after all. The sulphur hot-springs and the big railway hotel, which I should like to have seen more closely, are some hundred yards up the valley, and the *Rosemere*, like the tide, waits for no man. So that I could seize only the outlines of the castle-shaped building, large and inviting, and crowded with guests. But what a pigmy it was beside the enormous Cascade and Inglismaldie Mountains standing up behind it!

The scenery from this point onward to the coast baffles description; never did such sights meet our eyes. Chasms and canyons yawning before us, ready to engulf us, *Rosemere* and all; rocks bigger than castles, that in past ages broke away from the mountain-sides, and, like avalanches, came crashing down with terrific force, carrying all before them to the valleys, thousands of feet below; torrents literally throttled in bottomless gorges, chafing and foaming against their prison walls, seeking an outlet; and above them all, in profound silence, the snow-crested peaks of the Rocky and Selkirk ranges: these were the views that we were to meet during the next forty-eight hours. We followed the Bow River up a bit, and stood in the observation-car, which joined us at Canmore, to sketch half a dozen old weather-beaten monarchs, Cascade, Pilot, Copper, Temple, and Lefroy, the last-named touching the very skies.

We reached the base of Mount Stephen at 19.30 K, and found ourselves at an elevation of five thousand three hundred feet, just a mile above the level of the Pacific Ocean, the highest point at which rails were laid in the Canadian Pacific. A short distance ahead a rustic sign-board with colossal letters, called our attention to "The Great Divide." The *Rosemere* slowed up only an instant, but long enough to startle us, for we were on the backbone of the continent. A tiny stream was plainly seen dividing its waters, one branch flowing to Hudson's Bay, the other to the Pacific Ocean. We began to descend the western slope of the Rockies, Mount Hector always before us, through the wild Wapta Gorge or Kicking-Horse Pass. This pass has a suggestive name, but it is at least remarkable for historic truth, and recalls a scene that took place during the Palliser expedition of 1857. Kicking-Horse Pass is a monument, more lasting than bronze, raised to the hind leg of Dr. Hector's broncho, with which the doctor came in contact once too often while exploring the Wapta Gorge.

Here lies another provincial boundary-line, and we left the Province of Alberta and crossed into British Columbia, that western colony so distant, so unapproachable to eastern folk a few years ago, when a trip around the Horn, or over Panama, or across the plains in prairie schooners, was the only way to get there. But those were the days of the Trojans. Modern invention has done away with prairie schooners, and substituted vestibuled drawing-rooms, moving on wheels, and dining-cars, and consolidated engines, and the rest of it.

Men have made this world smaller, and easier to get over: the Canadian Pacific route through the Rocky Mountains shows us how they had to work to do it. If true railway engineering is the economical adaptation of the means and opportunities existing to the end desired, the men who built this road may boast that they kept strictly within the definition. They made the best of the obstacles that stood before them at every step. When curves would exempt them from tunnelling, they traced curves around the mountain-sides, and relied on swivel-trucks to guide the engines safely over them. When they had to climb up mountains, they "zig-zagged" till they made workable grades, and relied on heavy engines and track adhesion to do the rest. This was the only way out of the difficulty in many places, chiefly at the "Loops," near Ross Peak, where an enormous letter S, more or less ornamental, had to be

described in the road in order to overcome the difference of two levels.

The immense rock-cutting and tunnelling and cove-filling; the miles of snow-sheds and level grading; the thirteen hundred trestles and iron bridges through those passes and mountain-ranges, will remain eternal monuments of man's victory over Nature's obstacles. Six and a half miles of snow-sheds, or artificial wooden tunnels with sloping roofs, are built over the road, where it hugs the mountain-sides. The massiveness and strength of these structures is the first thing that strikes one; but we were told that only such could resist the avalanches of snow and ice that fall from a height of two or three thousand feet above the track, not only cutting down every tree in their path, but by the force of the side-currents of air breaking off trees two feet in diameter. The moisture-laden winds from the Pacific precipitate downfalls of snow sometimes amounting to forty feet in a single winter, and the avalanches have been known to fill up ravines below the railway-track seven and eight hundred feet deep.

In several places in the Rockies, crib-work has been built on the mountain slopes, which successfully diverts the avalanches into other valleys. Avoiding the obstacles of nature succeeds as well as trying to resist them. And seeing that they have to be overcome, it matters little to the Canadian Pacific Railway officials which method is adopted, provided the Company's traffic be not stopped. The best proof that Nature in that rough section of the world has been mastered, we gathered from a remark dropped by Mr. Marpole, an official who joined us at Donald. Although tunnels, and bridges, and all manner of artificial work follow in rapid succession over the whole Pacific division, right to the coast; although trains have been moving daily over them since 1885, with a mileage soaring into the millions, no passenger holding a ticket has ever lost his life. This is certainly a remarkable railway record, but the moral to be drawn is: Pay your fare when you climb the Rockies.

We crossed the Columbia River and entered the Selkirk range. We could perceive the driver shutting off steam, as the *Rosemere* ran into Roger's Pass. The discovery of this pass was a happy one for the Company. The railway line had been originally staked out by the Canadian Government engineers to run north of the great bend of the Columbia River. Major Roger, one of the new Company's own engineers, a man of

eccentric habits, it is said, and adventurous, started out one day aimlessly, and followed a valley till then untrodden by a white man. Much to his own surprise, and to the joy of the Company, he found a short route which enabled them to reach the other branch of the Columbia without following the great bend. The pass lies between what have been since called Macdonald and Hermit Mountains, two bits of our globe which had been forced apart, in ages gone, to make room for the future railway. The discovery saved the young Company nearly ninety miles of the hardest railway building in the world, as well as several millions of dollars, and it supplied the road with some of its finest mountain scenery. The gigantic trees for which British Columbia is famous, are there, keeping the Illicilliwaet valley in almost perpetual gloom. Only rare rays of sunlight ever reach these moistened mountain-sides, and the foliage and underbrush are extravagant in their luxuriance. The fearful Albert canyon is also there where the Illicilliwaet River, nearly three hundred feet below you, rushes through a fissure twenty feet wide. Looking down, you see nothing but a seething cauldron of dancing foam ; there is a deafening roar ; your eyes follow the rushing waters, you begin to grow dizzy, and you clutch the balcony that has been built over the edge of the ravine. At the summit of Hermit Mountain, an old cowled sentinel has been standing since the world was young, and I asked myself, as I looked at those cold, shrivelled features up among the Selkirks, If the old monk could speak, would he tell us when he went to live there? would he tell us when the great God of the Universe uttered the word that produced the Rockies and the Selkirks?

The *Rosemere* ran down the banks of the Illicilliwaet, and twisted and turned in the valley, until presently, ahead of us, glinting in the sunlight, vast as all the icefields of Switzerland combined, stood the great glacier of the Selkirks, a glacier that was glinting while the Pyramids were building—vast, lofty, immense, buttressed, festooned, creviced—a sight unparalleled, perhaps, in this world of ours. Imagine you see, jammed in between two mountains, “a section of the Mississippi tilted up and frozen solid ; or the St. Lawrence pouring boldly over a mountain range ten thousand feet above you, and turned, in an instant, into ice stiffened solid at its maddest plunge, a creation of ten thousand years, a monument of the past dead years, which all the rain and shine of other equal years to come will

not efface ; standing cold, monstrous, motionless, silent, sublime, within a distance so short from our parlour-car, that one might, by an easy stroll, stand under its ponderous front. How small we were beside that monstrous creation of ages, that landscape of frozen force, that overhanging world of chained energy, which, should Nature ever loosen the chilled links that bind it to the mountain-side, would sweep all before it.”¹

The ding-dong of a dinner-bell brought us to humbler work than contemplating Nature’s grandeurs, and we headed for the little Swiss-like chalet over beside the *Rosemere*. Here we lunched, for it was nearly fifteen o’clock. While sipping our tea, we took a final view of the Illicilliwaet valley, with its seventeen miles of mountain-sides, with its thousand tints and shadows ; we then boarded the *Rosemere*, and moved on towards the coast. What an incomparable treat to have gone through the Rocky and Selkirk ranges !

So many mountains piled one on the other, with such magnificent profusion, but, at the same time, so little habitable country, led me to remark to a neighbour in the observation-car, that British Columbia was good only to be looked at. But I had fallen in with a resident of old date, who gave me a look of positive disgust, and tripped me up with the remark that every schoolboy knew that British Columbia is good for three things, fish, trees, and gold. And this he brought home to me forcibly before he was done with me.

British Columbia, with its area of three hundred and eighty thousand square miles, was little known till Vancouver and Cook began to sail along its coasts, a hundred years ago, and till the hardy Scotch fur-traders began to float up and down its rivers, and leave their names attached to them. It was then a rich and exclusive field for the fur companies during the first half of the present century, and it was only in 1857, that the discovery of gold modified the then existing state of things. In that year, ten thousand people entered the colony, chiefly from the gold-fields of California, and took up the gold-bearing lands on the Thompson and Fraser Rivers.

Yale and Hope, two old towns that we passed on the banks of the Fraser, are relics of the gold fever, and the old tote-road, to the Cariboo district, nearly three hundred miles long, hugging the lofty cliff on the other side of the river, was pointed out to us from the *Rosemere’s* windows. The output of gold from

¹ Murray’s *Daylight Land*, p. 267.

British Columbia has been, up to this, about sixty million dollars, all but a fraction obtained by placer mining. But this was not satisfactory. The extensive alluvial deposits along the rivers and streams, indicated not merely the grinding action of the glaciers, and the washing out of the rocks by rain, but bespoke also gold-bearing lodes somewhere in those lofty mountains, if they could only be found. Miners and prospectors have been for the past forty years roving over the province looking for the lodes; the geologist, Dr. Dawson, catalogued one hundred and five locations where actual mining had been attempted previous to 1877. In 1890, prospectors were attracted by the outcroppings of iron oxides on Trail Creek, a small stream in southern British Columbia. No one dreamt of finding gold there in combination, but during the assays, the ore was found to be rich with the precious metal. This discovery explained how gold reached the placers; it had leaked out of the iron sulphides, just as the nickel does out of the iron and copper sulphides at Sudbury. Steps were taken to develop these Trail Creek lodes, and explorations that have been made during the past couple of years show that not merely Trail Creek, of which Rossland is the centre of operations, but the whole Kootenay valley are rich in auriferous ore.

This vast district is still in primitive seclusion, and inaccessible from the north, except with small boats down the main-line of the Canadian Pacific. There is serious question at the present time of building a railroad through the Crow's Nest Pass, and thus tapping the whole Kootenay valley. Whether the Canadian Pacific Company will secure the ownership of this road or not, is a prominent question in Canadian newspapers just now, but the last annual report of the directors show that they are fully aware of the importance of the enterprise, and we may safely conclude that if there is anything in it, Sir William Van Horne will not be caught napping. Crow's Nest Pass is one of the few known passes through the Rocky Mountains, and was the route favoured by some of the early projectors of the transcontinental road. But it lay too near the United States boundary in case of international unpleasantness, and Great Britain, it is said, expressed a preference for the Kicking Horse Pass a couple of hundred miles further north.

Another source of wealth to this province is the fishing industry. Salmon fill the Fraser and Columbia rivers, and even

the streams of the Kootenay. Salmon from the Fraser is found six hundred miles inland, while the other kinds, such as oolachan, sturgeon, herring, trout, &c., swarm in the large rivers of the province. Fish is exported in vast quantities, salted, frozen, dried, and canned ; the value of the salmon exportation alone during the past twelve or fourteen years being over twenty million dollars. The native Indians also stow away large supplies for home use ; for fish is one of their chief articles of food. When the *Rosemere* was running along the cliffs of the Fraser, one of the interesting sights was to see the Chinese washing gold on the sand-bars ; another to see the Siwash Indians, standing on the ledges of the projecting rocks, scooping up salmon and oolachan with their large dip-nets.

But the gigantic trees of British Columbia throw everything else, literally and figuratively, into the shade. Entire forests of them, the growth of centuries, densely packed together, are still standing, covering whole sections of the country with an almost impenetrable gloom, and assuring the world a timber supply for centuries to come. The trees increased in size apparently as we approached the coast ; in Stanley Park, Vancouver, I measured a cedar that was over forty-five feet in circumference. After the fire in 1886, the Crown Land Office was perched on a stump, and remained there till proper quarters were prepared for it. Adirondack Murray gives us the interesting story of a tree that was brought down during his visit to the Pacific coast, a few years ago, to make room for an obscure building. He counted six hundred and seventy-four annual rings in it, which—those who pretend to know say—gave the measure of its age. The tree was still sound, and had it been kept standing, had every prospect of living six hundred years more. It will suffice to have seen those monuments of centuries to appreciate Mr. Murray's indignation at their wanton destruction. He deplored the vandalism of the pioneers of Vancouver, he tells us, as he would do that of the Romans were St. Peter's destroyed by a mob.¹

A few more hours down the valley of the Fraser, skirting along the borders of forests of wondrous growth, and beside lakes alive with great fat ducks willing to be winged ; then through a rough wooded country, with here and there bits of marsh, and clearings, and farmers' houses, when we steamed along the shores of Burrard's Inlet, the closing scene of our

¹ *Daylight Land*, p. 231.

long journey across the continent. It was with a feeling of satisfaction, akin to enthusiasm, that Mr. Spencer's party stepped from the *Rosemere* at Vancouver, and began in real earnest to bask in Pacific sunshine, two thousand nine hundred and ninety miles from Montreal.

The swarms of Chinese, pigtailed and bloused, lazily watching our movements with their almond eyes, recalled to our minds that we were next door to China. Along the docks whole families of Sechelt Indians, dressed in brilliant colours, were sitting in their fantastic long boats, and chatting away in Chinook, giving us glimpses of a new civilization. The cosmopolitan character of coast-life was well illustrated next day when I took the stage to visit the salmon-canning factories. Seated with me in the rickety, old leather-sprunged coach, were two white miners, two Chinamen, a Japanese, and a Chinook Indian, the last-named puffing away at a cigar.

Vancouver, where we spent a few days, is a modern city, and has consequently little to interest people. The site of the city was under a dense forest till twelve or fourteen years ago, when the Canadian Pacific Railway took it in hand. In June, 1886, a conflagration nearly swept away the rising town, but the ashes had hardly cooled when the young *Phœnix* took to her wing again, and at the present time large blocks, palatial hotels, churches, hospitals, schools, trolley-cars, and asphalt-pavement, attest the advances the new city has made. The railway company's Chinese, Japanese, and Australasian steamship service has its terminus there, and Vancouver bids fair, in shipping interests, alone, to become a serious rival of San Francisco. The population is as yet hardly over twenty thousand; but there are among that number kind noble hearts that filled our visit to the distant coast with pleasant memories.

E. J. DEVINE.

The Workmen's Compensation Bill.

I.

THE "Socialistic measure" has passed both Houses. The Workmen's Compensation Bill received the Royal Assent on the 6th of August, and comes into operation on the 1st July of next year.

The history of the law on the subject of Employers' liability is peculiar, and of interest as a striking example of judge-made law.

Originally a man was responsible only for his own neglect, and not for that of his servant, even when it caused injury to a stranger. But in the time of Charles II. the law seems to have been changed by the judges. A man named Allestree, sent his servant out with a coach and two ungovernable horses, into Lincoln's Inn Fields, "a place," in the words of Levinz's Report¹, "where people are always going to and fro about their business, and *improvide, incaute et absque debita consideratione ineptitudinis loci*, there drove them to make them tractable and fit for a coach ; and the horses because of their ferocity, being not to be managed, ran upon the plaintiff and hurt and grievously wounded him!" In an action brought against the master as well as the servant, both were found guilty. The rule thus imported into our law is supposed to be an application of the maxim *respondeat superior*; although, as was remarked by the Commissioners appointed to inquire into and report upon the law in 1876 and 1877, the state of society to which the maxim was really applicable had long before passed away. Under the Roman law, the *Paterfamilias* was no doubt responsible for the negligent acts of those under him, his children, his wife, and his slaves.² But the reason for this liability was that the family, as represented by the father, and not the individual, was the legal unit ; the individual was quite outside the jurisdiction of the

¹ ² Levinz's Reports, 172.

² He could, however, surrender the offender (*noxialis deditio*), although in Justinian's time only slaves could be given up.

State. This, however, was not the case in England, and the real reason for making the master liable for the negligent act of his servant, must have been the idea that "some one ought to pay ; the servant cannot, so the master must." Sir Frederick Pollock¹ prefers to put it thus : "I am answerable for the wrongs of my servant or agent, not because he is authorized by me, but because he is about my affairs, and I am bound to see that my affairs are conducted with due regard for the safety of others." There is certainly some show of justice in the notion that a man who has ordered a thing to be done by others, must compensate strangers if injury ensues, just as much as if he had done the act causing injury himself. *Qui facit per alium facit per se.* And at first the maxim seems to have been correctly understood and confined within proper limits, for in another case² in the reign of Charles II. we find the law thus laid down : "If I command my servant to do what is lawful, and he misbehave himself, or do more, I shall not answer for my servant, but my servant for himself, for that it was his own act ; otherwise it were in the power of every servant to subject his master to whatever actions and penalties he pleased."

The question always was whether the servant were really acting within the scope of his employment. If so, the master was liable, *aliter* if he was not. Thus in Lord Holt's time :³ "The servant of a carman ran over a boy in the street and maimed him by negligence," and the master was held liable. So also where A's servant with his cart ran into B's cart, and upset and spilled a pipe of wine ; and in modern times the master was held liable when the accident occurred while the servant, though driving home, was at the time making a *détour* for his own benefit.⁴ On the other hand, no liability attaches to a master for an accident caused by the negligence of his servant, who takes the cart and horse out on his own business.⁵ But the application of the maxim has certainly been carried too far, when it has been used, as in the case of *Limpus v. London General Omnibus Company Limited*,⁶ to render a master liable even when the servant, though acting in the course of his employment, caused the accident by wilful disobedience to orders.

¹ *Law of Torts*, p. 70, 71.

² *Kingston v. Booth*. Skinner's Reports, 228.

³ 1. Lord Raymond's Reports.

⁴ *Joel v. Morrison*, 6 C. and P. 501.

⁵ *Rayner v. Mitchell*, L. R. 2 C. P. D. 357.

⁶ 7. L. T. R. n. s. 641.

2.

The doctrine that a man is responsible for the negligence of his servant causing injury to a stranger, having been by judicial decisions introduced and established, it seems strange that no attempt was ever made until 1837, to apply it to the case of injury inflicted, not upon a stranger but upon a fellow-servant; and still more strange, that when at length the experiment was made it failed. The well-known case of *Priestley v. Fowler*,¹ is always looked upon as the foundation of the judge-made doctrine of "Common employment," of which we have recently heard so much, and which Lord Esher in his evidence before the Commission of 1876 and 1877, characterized as "a bad exception to a bad law." In that case the action was brought against a butcher by one of his servants to obtain damages for injuries sustained in consequence of the over-loading of a van, in the charge of another servant, which caused it to break down. When the action was tried the jury awarded damages to Priestley, the injured servant, but this naturally did not appear satisfactory to Fowler! He accordingly moved for arrest of judgment. It being admitted that there was no precedent for the action, Lord Abinger said it was to be decided on general principles. His judgment is characteristic, and we give it at length.

"If the master," he said, "be liable to the servant in this action, the principle of that liability will be found to carry us to an alarming extent. He who is responsible by his general duty, or by the terms of his contract, for all the consequences of negligence in a matter in which he is the principal, is responsible for the negligence of all his inferior agents. If the owner of the carriage is therefore responsible for the sufficiency of his carriage to his servant, he is responsible for the negligence of his coachmaker, or his harness-maker, or his coachman. The footman, therefore, who rides behind the carriage may have an action against his master for a defect in the carriage owing to the negligence of the coachmaker, or for a defect in the harness arising from the negligence of the harness-maker, or for drunkenness, neglect, or want of skill in the coachman. Nor is there any reason why the principle should not, if applicable in this class of cases, extend to many others. The master, for example, would be liable to the servant for the negligence of

¹ 3 M. and W. I.

the chambermaid for putting him into a damp bed, for that of the upholsterer for sending in a crazy bedstead whereby he was made to fall down while asleep and injure himself, for the negligence of the cook in not properly cleansing the copper vessels used in the kitchen, of the butcher in supplying the family with meat of a quality injurious to the health, of the builder for a defect in the foundation of the house whereby it fell and injured both the master and the servants by the ruins.

"The inconvenience, not to say the absurdity, of these consequences, affords a sufficient argument against the application of this principle to the present case. But in truth the mere relation of the master and the servant never can imply an obligation on the part of the master to take more care of the servant than he may reasonably be expected to do of himself. He is no doubt bound to provide for the safety of his servant in the course of his employment, to the best of his judgment, information, and belief. The servant is not bound to risk his safety in the service of his master, and may, if he thinks fit, decline any service in which he reasonably apprehends injury to himself; and in most of the cases in which danger may be incurred, if not in all, he is just as likely to be acquainted with the probability and extent of it as the master. In that sort of employment especially which is described in the declaration in this case, the plaintiff must have known as well as his master, and probably better, whether the van was sufficient, whether it was overloaded, and whether it was likely to carry him safely. In fact, to allow this sort of action to prevail would be an encouragement to the servant to omit that diligence and caution which he is in duty bound to exercise on the behalf of his master, to protect him against the misconduct or negligence of others who serve him; and which diligence and caution, while they protect the master, are a much better security against any injury the servant may sustain by the negligence of others engaged under the same master, than any recourse against his master for damages could possibly afford.

"We are therefore of opinion that the judgment ought to be arrested."

Now Lord Abinger was a great advocate and a great master of analogy, and he carried his peculiar talents with him to the Bench; he thought he had reduced the matter to an absurdity, but little real reason was given why a man who would have

been liable to a stranger was not liable to his own servant. In later instances the maxim, *Volenti non fit injuria*, has been dragged in to support the rule. It was said that "the servant when he engages to serve a master undertakes, as between himself and his master, to run all the ordinary risks of the service, and this includes the risk of negligence on the part of a fellow-servant, whenever he is acting in discharge of his duty as servant to him who is the common master of both." These are the words of Baron Alderson in *Hutchinson v. The York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway Company* (1850).¹ In that case an injury occurred to a servant of the Company while travelling in one of their carriages in the discharge of his duty, from a collision caused by the negligence of other servants of the Company who were in charge of another train, and the Company was held not liable.

The question who were and who were not fellow-servants in a great undertaking naturally gave rise to a considerable amount of discussion in the Courts, and in the end the notion of common employment was stretched so as to include all kinds of people employed in the same undertaking, though engaged in perfectly distinct work. Thus the defence was successful when the plaintiff, a carpenter, was thrown from a scaffolding by the carelessness of some porters engaged in shifting an engine on a turn-table below;² while in *Wilson v. Merry*³ the doctrine was extended to injuries caused to a workman by a foreman or person occupying a position of superintendence in the same employment. Thus, as Mr. Birrell remarked the other day in the House of Commons, with regard to the doctrine of "Common Employment": "Lord Abinger planted it, Baron Alderson watered it, and the devil gave it the increase!"

The effect of *Wilson v. Merry* in the House of Lords was to place the doctrine of the master's immunity on broader grounds, and to make the criterion, not whether the person causing and the person suffering injury were fellow-workmen in any strict sense, but whether the damage was within the risk incident to the service undertaken for reward—that is, the rule was based not on "common employment," but on the supposed meaning of the contract entered into between master and man.

¹ 5 Exch. 343.

² *Morgan v. Vale of Neath Railway Co.*, L.R. 1 Q.B. 149.

³ 19 L.T. Rep. N.S. 30.

The weak point in the whole theory of course is that every one knew that in the majority of cases the question of risk never entered into the head of either one party or the other. Lord Justice Brett (now Lord Esher, M.R.), in his evidence before the Committee (1876 and 1877), exposed this fallacy, and explained the true limits within which terms might be implied in contracts in which they were not expressed, and showed that "no condition ought to be implied by law unless it be such that, in the judgment of all reasonable men, it must have been in contemplation of both parties at the time the contract was made."

Of course in some specially dangerous businesses the risk is taken into consideration in fixing the reward, and higher wages are paid in consequence (and in these cases the new Act will either produce hardship to the master in compelling him to pay twice over, or lowering of wages to the men, the result of which will be discontent); but in the majority of ordinary cases it will be found that the notion that the workman must be taken to have contracted to run the ordinary risks of the business, including the negligence of his fellow-servants, is a fiction of the judicial brain.

3.

In 1876 a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the law as it then stood. Many learned and experienced witnesses were called, the Committee reported, and the outcome of it all was the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, the object of which was to alter the law as laid down by the House of Lords in *Wilson v. Merry*, and to do away with the doctrine of common employment where the accident was caused by the negligence of a servant in a superior position to the injured man; and also to place the workman in the same position as a stranger lawfully upon the premises in respect of the master's duty to take reasonable care not to injure the workman.

There are five cases in which the Act gives protection to the workman. They are when the injury is caused by reason (1) of any defect in the works arising from the negligence of the employer or his delegate; (2) of the negligence of a superintending servant; (3) of the negligence of a servant to whose orders the injured man was bound to conform, and in conforming to which he received the injury; (4) of the act or omission of any servant done or made in obedience to defective rules of the

employer, or in obedience to instructions given by a delegate of the employer ; or (5) of the negligence of any servant having control of a signal, points, locomotive-engine, or train.

If the workman know of the defect or negligence, and fail to inform the employer or a superior servant, he cannot recover damages, unless he was aware that the employer or superior servant already knew of it.

In the five cases specified, then, no imaginary contract is to be imputed to the workman. A real contract, however, not to take advantage of the Statute, is allowed. In the case of *Griffiths v. Earl of Dudley*,¹ Mr. Justice Field pointed out that the Employers' Liability Act was passed to obviate the injustice that employers should escape liability when persons having superintendence and control in the employment were guilty of negligence, causing injury to the workmen. "The employer was before the Act clearly liable when he himself was guilty of negligence. But before the passing of the Act, *Wilson v. Merry* had decided that when the injury was caused through the negligence of a superior person in the employment, the workman could recover no damages from the common employer. The object of the Act was to get rid of the inference arising from the fact of common employment with respect to injuries caused by persons belonging to the specified classes." But it was held that there was nothing against public policy in allowing a workman to contract himself out of the benefit of the Act.

4.

The Statute of 1880 has provided much work for the lawyers and much paying of costs for the public, and the general desire of the country seems to be to find some simple and inexpensive method of dealing with the problem of compensation for injuries, without driving the workman to the Law Courts, unless he particularly wishes to go there. The German Insurance system, in which master and man bear the burden in certain proportions, did not commend itself to our legislators, so, in the attempt to find a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, we have leaped in two bounds from one extreme to the other. (1) Originally, as we have seen, unless the master were guilty of negligence he was not bound to compensate any injured servant at all. (2) Then the master was made liable for the negligence of those to whom he had delegated his authority ; and (3) now he is

¹ L.R. 9, Q.B.D. 357.

liable (in the cases which fall under the new Act) for almost every accident which can possibly happen. The Act supplies the workman with an insurance towards which he himself subscribes nothing.

The Statute, however, applies only to employment on, in, or about railways, factories, mines, quarries, engineering works, and buildings exceeding 30 feet in height, and being constructed or repaired by means of scaffolding, or being demolished, or on which machinery is being used.

If in any such employment an accident is caused to a workman, disabling him from earning full wages for at least two weeks, the employer will have to pay compensation in accordance with the scale contained in the First Schedule to the Act.

If death result from the injury, and the workman leave persons wholly depending upon him (as specified in the Fatal Accidents Act, 1846), the compensation will be a sum equal to the earnings from the same employer during the three years next before the injury,¹ or £150, whichever is the larger amount; but it is never to exceed £300, and from the sum when ascertained, any weekly payments made under the Act are to be deducted.

If there are no persons wholly dependent upon the injured man, but some partly dependent upon him, the compensation is to be settled by agreement or by arbitration.

If there are no dependents at all, the compensation will be the reasonable medical and funeral expenses, not exceeding £10.

When the result of the injury is total or partial incapacity to work, after the lapse of two weeks, during which the injured man must provide for himself, he will receive a weekly payment not exceeding one half his average weekly earnings during the previous twelve months, or less period, during which he has been in the employment; but such weekly payment is never to exceed £1; and in fixing the amount regard is to be had to the difference between the amount of the average weekly earnings before the accident and the average amount which the man is able to earn after the accident, and to any payment, not being wages, which he may receive from the employer in respect of his injury during the period of incapacity.

When the injury is caused by the personal negligence or wilful act of the employer, or of some person for whose act

¹ The Act provides a method of estimating the amount if the injured man has not been in the employment so long as three years.

or default he is responsible, the workman has his choice whether he will claim compensation under the Act, or take proceedings for damages under the old law, but he cannot have it both ways.

When, on the other hand, it is proved that the injury is attributable to the workman's own wilful misconduct, he cannot obtain any compensation at all. But it will have to be proved by the employer that the accident really was so attributable, and mere negligence on the part of the workman contributing towards the mishap will not exonerate the master from his liability under this Act, as it would in proceedings under the Statute of 1880.

All questions arising in any proceedings under the Act as to the employer's liability to pay compensation, or as to its amount or duration, are to be settled by arbitration, in default of agreement between the parties.

If a workman bring an action to recover damages independently of the Act, and it be determined that the injury is one for which the employer is not liable in such action, but that he would have been liable to pay compensation under the Act, the workman can get the compensation, but will have to pay the costs occasioned by his taking the wrong course.

If any fine under the enactments relating to mines or factories has been applied for the benefit of the injured man, the amount so applied must be taken into account in estimating the compensation under the new Act.

There can be no contracting out of the benefits conferred by this Act, unless the Registrar of Friendly Societies certifies that the scheme of compensation desired to be adopted is, upon the whole, not less favourable to the general body of workmen and their dependants than the provisions of the Act ; and no scheme can be certified which compels workmen to accept it as a condition of their hiring.

Wherever the injury is caused under circumstances creating a legal liability in a stranger, the workman has his choice whether he will proceed against the stranger for damages under the general law, or against his employer for compensation under the Act, and if the employer pay compensation, he will be entitled to be indemnified by the stranger.

We have now given what appears to us to be the effect of the principal provisions of the new Act, and they certainly impose a heavy burden upon employers. Of course the hardship will be met by insuring against the liability, and thus the

immediate effect of the enactment will be largely to increase the business of insurance companies, and still more so when the provisions of the statute are extended, as they probably will be, to other businesses besides those now mentioned. We suppose the difficulty to which we have referred as likely to arise in cases where workmen really are receiving higher pay in consideration of the risks they run, can only be dealt with by a suitable reduction in the wages, but this will be hardly satisfactory to those who, though in receipt of extra pay, have never thought of laying by for a rainy day, or forming any fund to help them in time of need.

WILLIAM C. MAUDÉ.

Gilbert Franklin, Curate.

CHAPTER XVII.

"FOR HER SAKE."

"MR. FRANKLIN, I am delighted to see you," said Mrs. Heryot, cordially, two days after Franklin's arrival in Launceston.

"The delight is mutual, then," was the laughing answer, "for I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you all again."

"Well," returned Mrs. Heryot, "you look as if you needed the care of your old friends, I must say, if you want my opinion."

"Why?"

"Because your new ones don't seem to have done their duty in that respect."

"What makes you think so?"

"My dear boy—I beg your pardon, my dear Mr. Franklin—you look as if you had been very ill." Mrs. Heryot spoke with friendly anxiety.

"As I have been," replied Franklin; "almost to death itself." He sighed, as if he were inclined to regret that it had not been altogether instead of only almost.

"When?" asked Mrs. Heryot, with much interest. "You don't mean to say you caught the small-pox?"

"Small-pox, and brain-fever, too," answered Franklin, "when I heard—" He stopped short, and continued hastily, "When all the cases were over."

Mrs. Heryot had noticed his hesitation, however, and had not much difficulty in finishing the sentence for herself. She thought for a moment, then said, suddenly: "Mr. Franklin, I have a great favour to ask you."

"What is it?" he asked; "anything I can do, I shall be most happy to do."

"You won't be offended? You promise?" she rejoined,

speaking almost diffidently ; which made him wonder what she could possibly have to say that she found it difficult to put into words.

"I promise," he returned, "with all my heart. What can I do to oblige you ?"

"You can explain something I cannot understand."

"And that is ?" he inquired, seeing that she again paused, as if undecided how to go on.

"How it was that Edith Boyes, who loved you with all her heart, married that unspeakable Major so soon after you left ?" said Mrs. Heryot, finding courage all at once.

"They told her I was dead," he answered, very seriously, very quietly.

"My God !" she exclaimed, startled out of all self-control ; "who did ?"

"Her father saw it in the *Alnwick Chronicle*," he said.

"Just after Major Belton arrived there ?" returned Mrs. Heryot, meaningly.

"You don't mean——" He could say no more ; light seemed to break in on him all at once. Who else had any interest in spreading the report of his death ?

"Of course I mean it," was the emphatic rejoinder ; "how did the editor know you were dead, unless somebody told him ?" Mrs. Heryot had a large share of the intuition of her sex, and often jumped to a conclusion. Nine times out of ten she jumped to a right one ; as Franklin could not help feeling that she had done in the present instance.

"I am afraid you are right," he assented, almost reluctantly ; why, he could hardly tell. Was it because it would prevent any semblance of friendship between him and the Major, and so keep him from seeing her ? If so, he was almost, if not entirely, unconscious of it—as yet, at all events.

"Afraid ?" she returned, quickly ; "why should you be afraid ? You don't mean to tell me that you are inclined to like him ?" she added, indignantly, as if such a supposition were too dreadful to be seriously entertained.

"No," answered Franklin, "not that, only——" He paused, finding it difficult to express his thought as he would have wished.

"Only you hate to think such meanness possible in *her* husband ; is not that it ?" asked Mrs. Heryot, quietly but firmly.

"I hate to think such meanness possible, certainly," was the

reply. Franklin knew that she would never be satisfied with such an answer, but some instinct of putting it off impelled him to make it. Not that he felt offended at her questions ; she was a true friend, as he was well aware, and took a real interest in him.

"In *her* husband," repeated Mrs. Heryot, determined to have it out for his own good, as she said to herself. That really was her chief motive, for she was strongly of opinion that things talked about between friends are not nearly so dangerous as those which we keep to ourselves. Discussion, so she believed—and with reason, surely—places things in their true light, and enables us to see them *as they are*, not as they *seem* to us. Doubtless, a little legitimate curiosity mingled with her friendly interest, but it was entirely secondary. That is to say, no amount of curiosity, apart from her anxiety for his welfare, would have induced her to question him as she was doing.

"Come, be honest, Mr. Franklin," she added, after a pause, finding that he did not answer ; "it is for your own good, I assure you."

"In what way ?" he inquired, half sadly, half doubtfully.

"Because you love her," answered Mrs. Heryot, gravely, yet kindly, "as she—God help her!—loves you still."

"There you are mistaken," said Franklin, confidently ; "she does *not* love me ; I don't think she ever did."

"Listen," she returned, earnestly. "It may seem strange to you—it would to any one who did not know my motive—that I should speak of your love for *another man's wife*, and of her love for you ; only—" She stopped, and seemed to consider, then resumed : "Only I know that no thought which could harm her could ever enter your mind."

"You are right," he answered, humbly, yet with conviction. "How could it be otherwise ?"

"How, indeed ?" said Mrs. Heryot.

"But she does not love me," he continued, "that I am sure of."

"For what reason ?" she demanded ; "tell me that, if you can."

"Certainly," was the reply ; "if she had ever loved *me*, she could never have married *him* ; or, at least, not so soon. Not quite so soon," he repeated, sadly.

"That shows how little you understand her," rejoined Mrs. Heryot. "Who knew of her love for you ? Her father ?"

"I think so," he said. "He knew I loved her, and gave his consent."

"Well, he was away, shut up in Gateshead with you. Do you think she told her mother?"

"No, I am sure she did not; Mrs. Boyes favoured him." Franklin spoke bitterly.

"And yet you do not understand? How dense you men are!" she exclaimed, impatiently.

"I must confess I do not, even now," he returned.

"Her father was away," resumed Mrs. Heryot, nodding her head—a habit of hers—to mark off and emphasize each point of her argument; "you were dead—so she believed; she was too proud, too shy, to tell her mother that she loved you; they had *nothing* in common, as you know as well as I do"—Franklin bowed assent—"so she obeyed her mother, in hopeless despair."

"But to such a man as that!" Franklin could hardly believe it, in spite of Mrs. Heryot's confident assurance; in truth, he was afraid to believe it. Better for her that she should *not* love him, far, far better. If she did, then God help her indeed! But it could not be; Mrs. Heryot must be mistaken. If it were so, how *could* they meet? And they *must* meet, if he went back to his duty.

"He was not such a man as that to her, you must remember," returned Mrs. Heryot; "he was easy-going, kindly, pleasant Cousin George, whom she had known all her life. That makes all the difference; don't you see?"

"My God!" he exclaimed, in utter astonishment; "it can't be true!"

"I am sorry to say it is true," was the grave rejoinder; "now comes my motive for all this."

"And that is?" inquired Franklin, seeing that she paused.

"Mr. Franklin, do you think it is right for you to go back to Alnwick?" she demanded, earnestly, almost solemnly. There could be no doubt that she felt strongly about the matter.

"I am a priest," he answered, simply, with a quiet, earnest dignity that became him, and raised him considerably in her estimation.

"You are a man," she returned, quietly, "and she is a woman. You love her, and she loves you. Think of *her*, and spare her this untold misery."

Franklin wavered. He did love her, that was true; it

seemed, from what Mrs. Heryot had told him, that Edith loved him still. She was a woman; yes, but she was pure, spotless, innocent; how could he harm her, even by a thought? He was a man; yes, but he was also a priest of the Church of God.

"I am a priest," he repeated, just as he had said it before.

Mrs. Heryot tried a new line of reasoning. "Are you a Catholic priest?" she asked. "I mean, a *Roman* Catholic priest, who cannot marry?"

"No," answered Franklin, reluctantly; "but I shall never marry; I could not."

"That I am sure of," returned Mrs. Heryot, quietly, "but unless you are a celibate, *Roman* Catholic priest, she cannot help loving you as a man. Innocently, I know, but love you she does, and always will. Think of *her*, and spare her!" There were tears in her eyes, as she spoke; had Edith been her own daughter, she could not have pleaded more earnestly in her behalf.

"And if I turn *Roman* priest, what then?" demanded Franklin, almost in spite of himself. It was unworthy of her, of himself, and he knew it; but he seemed unable to keep from saying it.

"I know you would never mock God," she replied, gravely.

"But suppose it were conviction that made me change?" he persisted, still, as it were, driven to speak, without any volition of his own. It was the direst, most terrible, most unutterable temptation of his whole life, and he knew it.

"You could not remain in Alnwick, even then," said Mrs. Heryot, decidedly.

"Why not?" He knew perfectly well, but wanted to hear her say it. This kindly, autocratic, somewhat worldly old lady, as he had thought her, was appearing in a new aspect, one which he would hardly have believed possible. Was she to be God's messenger to his soul, as Blakesley had been? As her marriage had seemed to answer his question, "Must I bid farewell to earthly love?" As Blakesley's keen, searching questions had made him doubt the logic of the High Anglican position, for the first time in his life; so, now, Mrs. Heryot seemed destined to settle, once for all, the doubt, "Ought I to become a *Roman* priest?"

"Because you would have become a *Roman* priest so as to be near *her*," was the quiet answer, and he knew that she was right.

"You are right," he admitted, sadly ; "but I must do my duty all the same."

"Can you not change, on the ground of health?" asked Mrs. Heryot, anxiously. But, even as she put the question, she knew that the proposal could not, under the circumstances, come from him.

"That would be cowardly," he said, quietly. "I cannot run away."

"*You* are right this time," she said, as sadly as he had made the admission ; "God help you both ! Yes, you must do your duty," she added, trying to speak more cheerfully, if only to encourage him. For herself there was no courage, yet. She knew that the meeting between these two, parted by the meanest lie ever concocted, must involve untold sorrow to both of them.

All at once an idea occurred to her, it seemed almost an inspiration, as she said afterwards. "Mr. Franklin," she said, in a totally different tone, "if other work offers, will you take it ? Tell me, yes, or no ?"

"Certainly I will, if I may consult the person who offers it, and tell him about—about all this," answered Franklin, more hopefully.

It was not quite what she had bargained for, but she had to be content with it. "Very well," she said, as if quite satisfied. "Now go," she added, in the autocratic manner he was most familiar with in her, "I am tired of all this talk. Come to lunch to-morrow."

"With pleasure," he said, going back to his usual self, as she had done. "Good afternoon, and thank you for all your kindness."

"Try and deserve it," she returned, smiling. "Now ! be off with you."

Franklin obeyed. Out in the street, and in his room at the hotel, he thought over all that had been said. He could not *ask* to be changed ; that, as he had said to Mrs. Heryot, and as she had admitted, however unwillingly, would be like running away. Whatever sorrow this hopeless love might bring, to her and to himself, he could not recognize its existence as a motive for leaving Alnwick—at his own request. He was a priest of God's altar, and must do his duty, at any cost.

But if the *offer* came, without his asking for it ; without his wishing for it ; what must he do then ? Well, it would be offered

by a senior, more experienced priest, or by a Bishop. He would tell the whole truth, keeping nothing back, and be guided, wholly and without reserve, with unquestioning obedience, by the advice given. He would listen to it, as to the voice of God Himself. Then, he resolutely put from him all further anxieties, questionings, conflicts between duty as a priest, and inclination as a man, and simply made up his mind to wait patiently.

When he had left her, Mrs. Heryot rang the bell. "Mary," she said to the servant, "take this card to the Dean, and ask him, with my compliments, to call any time this evening that may suit him, or better still, to come to dinner." She and Dean Richardson were very old friends, so she tyrannized over him, as she did over every one else—except her daughters.

In a few minutes the servant returned. "The Dean's compliments, mum," she said, "and he'll come to dinner at seven, with much pleasure."

The Dean, with all his asceticism, celibacy, and Puseyism, enjoyed a good dinner, as well as any other honest man, and Mrs. Heryot was aware of the fact, and took advantage of her knowledge. She gave orders to that effect; she had a favour to ask of him, and knew by experience, that a pleasant dinner in congenial company, will soften the heart of the sternest ascetic and disciplinarian.

Dinner over, she dismissed her two eldest daughters peremptorily, to entertain—in different corners of the drawing-room—Messrs. Ashton and Marshall, as far, that is, as the presence of their younger sisters might allow. Then she picked out of a box, taken from a drawer of which she kept the key, an excellent cigar. This she handed, with a match, and a pleasant smile, to the Very Reverend the Dean, sat down in an arm-chair on one side of the fire, while he made himself comfortable in another.

He lit his cigar leisurely and carefully. He knew she wanted something from him, so amused himself, mischievously, by being as long over it as he could. Her patience held out—a most unusual thing, with her, though her *im*patience was kindness itself—which convinced him that she must be very much in earnest. He also knew that she expected him to speak first. It was a tacit understanding between them, formed years ago, when they first became friends. So he took three long-drawn pulls at his cigar, to get it fairly going, leaned back in his chair—though relaxation, mental or physical, was rare with him—and began, by

saying: "Well, my beneficent, most generous tyrant, what can I do for you?"

"How do you know I want anything?" she retorted, laughing.

"Because you sent for me," he answered. "Speak, O Queen! to hear is to obey."

"Seriously, then." His face instantly changed, he sat up, took the cigar from his mouth, and was all attention in a moment.

"Seriously, yes?" he repeated, in a different tone to his first laughing one.

"I want you to do me a great favour," said Mrs. Heryot, earnestly.

"And that is?" inquired the Dean.

"Have you a vacant parish, with work not too hard?" she returned.

"Yes, I want to open a church at Jericho Plains," he said. "Why?"

"Is the work hard?" she asked, not noticing his question, yet awhile.

"Not very," was the reply. He saw she had an explanation ready to be given, in her own time, so did not repeat his question.

"Have you any one to send?" was her next question.

"No, I wish I had. Can you suggest any one?" He spoke half-smilingly, half-seriously. But he could not deny that she had often given him valuable suggestions.

"Yes," she answered, promptly, "young Mr. Franklin."

The Dean was more interested now; this was a friend worth having. Pity she was a woman, he thought, with true masculine superiority, what a Bishop she would have made! Then repented of the (mental) disparagement, and changed his thought to, "What a Superior she would make for a Sisterhood!" Aloud he said, "Do you think he could be induced to undertake it?"

"I think so," she answered, determined to give one reason, and a real one; the only reason, as she believed, that could influence him. "He needs rest and change," she said, "he is not at all strong."

"Yes, I know," returned the Dean. "I think it would just suit him, and suit the people. They know him and like him. It is worth trying. Do you think he will accept?"

"I hope so," she said. Then, by a sudden impulse, added,

"He may have some difficulties about it. If so, you must help him."

"I will," was the reply. "Can you not give me a hint about them?" he inquired; "not out of curiosity, you know."

"I do know," she rejoined, "but I cannot tell you. He will tell you himself."

"Very well," he assented; and then they talked of something else.

Next morning, after Matins and Early Celebration, the Dean invited Franklin to breakfast with him. "I want to talk with you," he said.

"Certainly, sir," answered Franklin; he guessed that the Dean had some offer of work to make to him; and felt sure, from what Mrs. Heryot had said to him, that she had something to do with it. Well, he would tell the Dean the whole truth—indeed, he was thankful that it was with such a true friend that he had to do—and be guided by his advice.

"Franklin," said the Dean, "I want you to do some work for me. Will you?"

"Where, sir?" inquired Franklin. It was as well to find out all about it. It might prove to be his clear and unmistakable duty to take it.

"I want to found a regular mission at Jericho Plains," resumed the Dean, "and you are just the man to do it. They liked what they saw of you, and, if you are careful, you can do what you like with them. What do you say?"

"I should like it very much, sir," was the reply. Franklin knew that the Dean was right; that by being careful he might, in time, lead many souls into the fulness of Catholic truth—as he understood it. He had already done much with his colliers. Then he thought of them, and added, doubtfully, "only—"

"Only you don't like to leave your work at Gateshead, is that it?" asked the Dean, very kindly. "My dear boy, you must leave it for a time, on account of your health."

"That may be true, sir, for a time," returned Franklin, respectfully, "but there are reasons—" He paused, as if uncertain how to express himself.

"Yes?" said the Dean, "and those reasons?" Mrs. Heryot was right; the young man had difficulties about it. He must try to help him with them.

"Make me feel like a coward in leaving Alnwick," was the answer, spoken with a quiet, manly determination, which

pleased the Dean not a little. "He is made of good stuff," he thought; "he will go far, before he gives in."

"Would you mind explaining a little?" asked the Dean, gently and considerately.

Franklin felt that it was just what he needed. His talk with Mrs. Heryot had helped him to see matters in a clearer light; to talk with this experienced, saintly priest, would do far more for him. He had promised himself to tell the whole truth.

"I am in love," he began, hesitatingly; it was not easy to speak of human love to this ascetic, who denied himself all human joys, all human ties.

"And she loves you?" The ascetic was too true a follower of the Master he served so faithfully not to sympathize with such a feeling.

"So I thought, until—" Again Franklin seemed to find it difficult to express his thoughts.

"Yes, until—" the Dean repeated, quietly, to give him time to collect his ideas, or to find his courage, as he might happen to need.

"Until she married some one else," said Franklin, sadly.

"And she lives in Alnwick?"

"Yes." It was all Franklin could say.

"And you love her still?" The Dean's voice was as gentle as a mother's. He knew, at least, that this young brother-priest, in whom he took so sincere an interest, could have nothing to confess that he need be ashamed of. But with his quick, human, Christ-like sympathy, he understood how difficult Franklin found it to speak about it.

"Yes;" almost a whisper, this time. To a motherly woman it was not quite so hard to own it; face to face with a man, utterly self-forgetful, wholly self-denying—in such matters, in most matters—it seemed an unmanly, selfish, un-priestlike folly.

"And she loves you still?" The Dean saw clearly that he must get to the bottom of it all now, for Franklin's own sake.

"So Mrs. Heryot says. I hardly know—I hope not," was the hesitating reply.

"So do I, for her sake, and for yours," returned the Dean, kindly, but decidedly. "Did Mrs. Heryot advise you to leave Alnwick?" he added.

"Yes, she did," said Franklin, speaking with more confidence,

now that the worst was so easily over. He thanked God that he had been led to speak about the matter. Surely the Dean would give him the best possible advice.

"And you answered?" continued the Dean, who seemed, to Franklin, who had had comparatively little experience of the confessional—that duty being more or less optional with those who had trained him—to be endowed with the faculty of mind-reading.

"That I am a priest," answered Franklin, much in the same tone and manner in which he had said it to Mrs. Heryot.

"And she answered?" pursued the Dean, to Franklin's further astonishment. Could Mrs. Heryot have told him? Surely not; she was far too honourable, too true a friend.

"That I am a man," responded Franklin, honestly, yet half reluctantly. It was not a flattering answer, certainly, however true it might be.

"I always said she was a wonderful woman!" exclaimed the Dean, triumphantly. "My dear boy, she is perfectly right; so far as I can see, it is your duty to leave Alnwick for some considerable time."

"Is it not enough that I am a priest?" asked Franklin. "I do not want to dispute your decision, sir, God knows," he added, earnestly, "only to make sure."

"Listen," said the Dean, kindly, but firmly. "Our dear Mother Church, with all her virtues, has been poisoned—to some extent, may be to a terrible extent—by Protestant heresy. Perhaps it is her punishment for separating from the body of Christendom; I don't know, but the fact remains that a celibate priest is not a *recognized* person. Were you to announce yourself as a celibate, you would have half the young ladies in Alnwick madly in love with you; more than this, everybody would consider it simply a piece of pretentious folly. Were you to become a friend of the woman you love, on the plea of being a celibate priest, it would *expose her to scandal, just the same*, and you would be deemed a cowardly hypocrite." The Dean paused, then continued: "Believe me, my dear brother," his whole face was lit up with holy enthusiasm and truest sympathy, "it is *your duty* to leave Alnwick, for at least a year. It is your duty as a priest, for the sake of Him, whose servant you are, at whose altar you minister; your duty as an honourable man, *for her sake*."

For nearly a minute there was no answer, then humbly

and reverently, Franklin knelt down at the Dean's feet. "Bless me, Father," he said, earnestly, "and pray for me."

"God Almighty bless and strengthen you," replied the Dean, laying his hand on Franklin's head; "I will pray for you, my brother, now and always."

That same Saturday, by the evening post, Franklin received the Bishop of Alnwick's letter. He went to the Deanery, and handed it to the Dean without a word.

"This is God's answer to your obedience," said the Dean, quietly and reverently. "You can have no doubt now?" he added.

"None," was the reply; "I never had, since you blessed me."

The Dean said nothing, only held out his hand. Franklin grasped it firmly, and that was enough for both of them. Then Franklin, at the Dean's suggestion, wrote to the Bishop, asking to be allowed to go to Jericho Plains at once, for a year at least, "to oblige my great friend, Dean Richardson." To this, as already related, the Bishop gladly agreed; and so, for a year at least—as he made up his mind—Franklin kept away from Alnwick, for her sake.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THE LABOUR WE DELIGHT IN, PHYSICS PAIN."

MAJOR BELTON was not, as may be imagined, a very frequent reader of *The Australian Churchman*. Church literature, of any kind, did not interest him; the sporting and theatrical papers were much more to his taste. He always went to the Cathedral, that was respectable and proper in an Englishman, a future baronet—if luck should favour him—and the present manager of the Gateshead colliery. But, that duty performed once a week—Sunday evening service interfered with his dinner-hour—the Major did not concern himself with matters that had no particular attraction for him. But when Franklin—to the Major's serious disappointment—announced that he was "going away for a month or six weeks," and apparently, perhaps purposely, omitted to mention his destination, that gentleman was seized with a keen curiosity to find out all about him—if possible. The only way that occurred to him for accomplishing

this laudable object, was to study carefully the "General Intelligence" column of the *Australian Churchman*.

Persevering curiosity is, not unfrequently, amply rewarded—beyond its deserts. That of the Major was soon set at rest. Ten days after Franklin left, he found the following, under the heading of "Clerical appointments and changes."

Alnwick—Launceston.—The Rev. G. Franklin, M.A., sometime assistant at St. Peter's Cathedral, Alnwick, and priest-in-charge of All Saints Mission, Gateshead, to be Rector of the new Mission at Jericho Plains, Launceston, Tasmania.

"Checkmated, by George," exclaimed the Major aloud—to himself, of course; he would have died sooner than admit the shameful fact, as he deemed it, to any one else. His little plan of discipline for Edith was spoiled, most effectually. "He must love her," he thought, "or he would never run away." Well; luck was against him, for once in a way; he must expect a little turn like that, now and again. Whereupon, he proceeded idly to turn over the pages of the paper which had brought bad luck.

Had it? His eye caught the heading of an editorial, something, a feeling he could not account for, led him to look at it more closely. *Mr. Franklin's Mission at Jericho Plains.* Thereupon, he determined to read the editorial. Perhaps—who could tell? it might lessen the disappointment, it certainly could not make it worse. It was a waste of time, no doubt, but he had nothing better to do just then.

It was worth reading, after all:

We understand that the Rev. Gilbert Franklin, the young priest who so nobly distinguished himself during the late small-pox epidemic in Gateshead, has, on account of his health, undertaken the less arduous work of founding the new mission at Jericho Plains, in the diocese of Launceston. We wish him heartily God-speed in this new and important sphere of usefulness. Mr. Franklin is, we have every reason to believe, eminently fitted to fulfil the somewhat difficult task of instilling Church principles into a congregation hitherto unavoidably neglected. It is reported, on good authority, that he will remain in Jericho Plains for about a year or eighteen months, when he will—so it is rumoured—return to Gateshead, as first Rector of the new parish which the Lord Bishop of the diocese intends to form in order to lighten the labours of the venerable Dean.

The Major felt better when he finally threw the *Churchman* into the waste-paper basket. That was ungrateful; if it had conveyed bad news in one column, it had modified it very

considerably in another. "A year and a half," he said to himself, "say two years; well, I can afford to wait." Which he did.

Two other people saw the editorial, Edith and her father. It cost her more than any words can say, but she was able to thank God, with all her heart, "that he will have time to forget me." Of herself, she would not think; she was simply "out of the question," as she would have told herself. She kissed the paper, with tears in her eyes; it was her good-bye to him for the last time.

The Archdeacon saw it, and thanked God that his little girl would be saved from the bitter sorrow that had threatened her, for a time at least. Then he wrote two letters, both short, but both very much to the point.

My dear boy [to Franklin],—God bless you, strengthen you, and prosper you..

Your true friend,

THOMAS BOYES.

To Edith he wrote :

My darling little girl [it was his favourite name for her],—God has been very good to us. Be brave and patient. If he goes too far, let me know; you have a right to tell me.

Your most loving father,

THOMAS BOYES.

But the Major, during the year that ensued, was careful not to go too far. He had his own reasons, doubtless; he was not altogether heartless; possibly, he really wished to win Edith—if he could. If not, she would, at least, grow less distrustful of him, When Franklin came back—well, there was time enough for all that.

And, once more, Edith had cause to thank God. Now that he had left Alnwick, her husband seemed to become more reasonable, more polite, more like what she had once thought him to be. She did not try to understand the change; did not seek to inquire into the reasons of it; she simply accepted it, thankfully; and, with loyal, womanly self-sacrifice, did her very best to be a good wife to him in every way. She did not, and could never love him; that was impossible, after all that had happened. But she forgave him, freely and fully, and strove to forget "him" as far as she could.

Franklin entered on his mission on Sunday the 19th of May. He knew that he must first win the confidence of his people.

His work at Gateshead had taught him the necessity of "compromise," even if it could not reconcile him to it. It was still, as it were, a sort of disloyalty to truth; it might expose him to a suspicion of "Jesuitry;" but so strong and powerful was the "Protestant poison," as Dean Richardson had called it, that any means—short of an absolute denial of truth—were surely excusable, if not allowable, in order to win men back to "the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church." Omission of ritual might be, as "Roman" theologians defined it, "tolerated," if not "approved;" even doctrine might be inculcated "carefully"—so he had been taught—in virtue of the *disciplina arcana* of the ancient Church. The necessity was a painful one to an earnest, enthusiastic nature, but it was a necessity. He must hope to overcome it, with patience and the help of God. Truth must prevail: it was prevailing in England; here, in this bush parish, and, later on, in Gateshead, he might be—would be, please God—the standard-bearer and faithful missionary of "Catholic truth."

All his own doubts and difficulties seemed to have disappeared when "for her sake" he had made that one sacrifice of his own inclinations. He had bidden farewell, once for all, to love, to hope, to earthly happiness. He was God's priest; if never before, then in him should men in this far-away Colony see the possibility, the example, however imperfect, of a celibate priest in their own communion, a young man to whom earthly ties and aspirations were dead. Dean Richardson was a widower, he had taken to his ascetic life only when God took away the "light of his eyes;" he, himself, would begin at the beginning, and live the "Christ-life" all through, "for Christ's sake."

Are all these things trifling and insignificant in presence of the great questions of truth and untruth, faith and infidelity? Possibly; and yet only by intense personal conviction, can a man prepare to take part in this dire conflict; only by infinite charity towards others who do not, altogether, agree with him, can he stand, shoulder to shoulder, with those who fight the battles of the Lord of hosts. Franklin had been nurtured and trained in the most logical and advanced system of Anglo-Catholic dogmas; his doubts, due to the various causes already related, had left him. That he was a priest, he felt absolutely convinced; with that conviction, joined to that of the Catholicity of the Anglican Branch, how could he as an honest man, act otherwise than as he did? Those to whom the growth of a soul

is of real interest, will follow him closely through all the phases, however trivial or unfamiliar they may seem, of his spiritual life. Is it not true that trifles make up the sum of human existence? If so, then they surely cease to be trifling.

In this spirit he began his work: loyal to truth, as he understood it; self-denying, self-forgetful; unencumbered by human ties; in all things—as far as was possible—a true priest of God. Father O'Brien, who had seen him and admired his true priestly spirit during the small-pox epidemic, who had marvelled at the grace bestowed by maimed, imperfect, and invalid ordinances, would have wondered still more, could he have watched him now.

He had a difficult congregation to deal with. The parson at Raymond, who, once a month, at most, came over to celebrate the rites of Holy Mother Church for the few Church people, and the many Dissenters who attended the various ministries in the school-room, was not an enthusiast in his practice or in his preaching, whatever his private convictions may have been. An invalid wife, and six growing, unruly children, would have quenched the enthusiasm of St. Augustine himself. What was the good of preaching doctrinal sermons of a decided Church character to people, who, for the succeeding three Sundays, would listen, with equal attention, and, possibly—certainly, in the case of many—with more sense of at-homeness to a Presbyterian, a Methodist, and a Second Adventist?

With Franklin, the case was different. He hired, at his own expense, a large barn belonging to Mr. Smith, the farmer churchwarden, who had refused to admit the intellectual superiority of Mr. Wallace, his store-keeper and fellow-functionary. Smith was a loyal churchman, having been bred at home; his less charitable neighbours did say, that "Smith knew how to make his religion pay," because the new parson—no longer a deacon, as they were duly informed by Wallace, who was not going to allow Smith to have everything his own way—had hired Smith's barn, in preference to several others, each greatly superior and far more suitable—in the opinion of the individual owner.

The barn once hired, Franklin set to work to adapt it to its new uses, a task which he found almost as difficult as the Latin quotation had, on a previous occasion, proved to the Archdeacon. He discovered, quickly enough, that he had given great offence to many people by hiring the largest and most

commodious barn in the township, so he resolved to act with a wisdom which did him credit with his friends, but which his opponents, led by the Second Adventist preacher—a local tailor—denounced as Jesuitical. Jesuit, with the ordinary and half-educated Protestant, is a name to conjure with. He gave the window-work to one man, owner of a small, dark, inconvenient shed, which he was pleased to designate a barn; the flooring to another; the benches to a third. He bought the matting from Wallace, the lamps and the oil from the rival store-keeper, a fervent and most bigoted Methodist. Finally, he induced the chief Presbyterian elder, a clever carpenter, to make an altar and reredos of polished Australian cedar. It was idolatrous backsliding in the estimation of his sterner fellow-believers; he himself salved his conscience by charging twenty per cent. too much, thereby “spoiling the Egyptians,” as he chose to express it.

Even this division of labour, and of profit, did not please everybody. Franklin made the profit as nearly equal as he could, thereby avoiding jealousies as keen and bitter as those of rival professional beauties; but those who would not—or could not—share in the good things going, spoke of bribery on the part of Franklin, and corruption on that of the fortunate recipients. It was only, after all, what might have been expected. But there were some results, more or less satisfactory, even at first. Curiosity, interest, sectarian rivalries, are not lofty motives, however common to human nature; but they are very powerful ones, each according to individual temperament. Curiosity had drawn many, not usually regular attendants on the ministrations of the Raymond parson, to listen to the Puseyite deacon on that January Sunday when he had first preached to them; when he came back, to live amongst them, as a full-fledged parson—their own—the same feeling drew many to hear him. He had preached a sermon bordering very nearly on Popery, what sort of sermons would he preach now? Smith's interest, and that of his family, drew him to see how his barn would look under these new conditions. Franklin did not begin preaching till the barn was finished, which took a fortnight, so that his first ministrant to his new congregation was on Sunday, June 2nd. It was a memorable day, for him and for them.

All Saints Mission Church—so he had named it, in memory of his church in Gateshead, and of his people whom he loved—

was filled to overflowing. The Second Adventist, whose Sabbath it was, preached to a very scanty congregation, "a little flock," as he said, almost plaintively. The rest of the Jericho Plains people had gone to listen to the Puseyite priest, and to assist in Popish ceremonies. Wallace was there, to see how his neighbours admired the matting which he had provided; his wife was there because he was, in spite of her Presbyterian predilections. Between Puseyism, and possible Popery, and the unauthorized ministrations, as she deemed them, of the local tailor, she chose the former, as more respectable. Franklin's sermon—though it did not *quite* convince her—met with her approval, all the same.

The rival store-keeper was there, to observe the effect of his lamps, put up by his own hands. They would look better at night, of course; but, even in daylight, they certainly did credit to his store, and to his skill in placing them. The bench-maker, the window-fitter, the rival barn-owners, intent on captious criticism, the Presbyterian carpenter who had spoiled the Egyptians, and together with them those who had *not* been employed, each and all came, with wives and families, if they happened to be blessed with them. It is true that the Presbyterian carpenter did not see much of his work; the altar was vested in the most correct fashion of aesthetic Ritualism, the reredos almost hidden by a brass cross, two candlesticks—the received Anglican use—and vases filled with flowers. It brought the charge of idolatry rather closely home to him, and shook his faith in the lawfulness of the spoiling which produced such awful results. Nor was he the only one whose tender feelings—of sectarian bigotry—received a shock.

Franklin had consulted long and earnestly with the Dean before deciding on this particular course of action.

"What had I better do?" he asked, at last, after much discussion of *pros* and *cons*.

"Take your stand from the first," answered the Dean, decidedly. "If you do, you will give most of them a very healthy shock. You may lose a few of them, but that can't be helped."

"And if I wait for a while?" inquired Franklin, as the Dean paused.

"Either you will never be able to do it at all," was the reply, "or if you do, they will accuse you of Jesuitical deceit, and with some show of reason."

That was why an altar arranged in accordance with Catholic practice was set up in Smith's barn, from the very first. It was rank Popery, there was no doubt of that; but the sternest Puritan present could not deny its beauty, and perfect good taste. That was a concession to begin with. Further than that, they admitted, mentally, on first seeing it, and audibly, after church, that "parson seemed determined to sail under his true colours." Which was certainly a point in Franklin's favour. The coloured stole they had seen before; also the cassock and hood. They felt as if welcoming back an old friend. They would give him fair play, at all events.

"We are ambassadors for Christ." Even in such a story as this, it would be hardly fair to inflict upon the reader the synopsis of a second sermon, notwithstanding the precedents contained in Sir Walter Scott's *Old Mortality*, and other writers. The text surely tells its own sermon; Franklin's natural eloquence, earnest, evident conviction, and most sincere enthusiasm, free from narrowness or bigotry, supplied the place of fuller and more widely-informed theological training. As, once before, in this same township, he had carried his hearers with him over difficult points of controversy, and almost without their being aware of it, had very nearly convinced them in spite of themselves, so it was now. He did not convince them—as he desired—by his simple, yet eloquent, closely reasoned arguments in favour of Episcopal and Apostolic succession and authority, but there was left in the minds of them all, no single doubt or question about his perfect sincerity, his utter earnestness of conviction.

"That's a good young man," said Mrs. Wallace, cordially, to her husband, at dinner that day. It was a great concession on her part; she had never, in the many years of their married life, been known to say a good word in favour of any Episcopal parson.

"That he is, Martha," returned Wallace, emphatically. Then as concession begets concession, on the principle that "one good turn deserves another," he admitted, generously, "I don't hold with all he says, but he speaks mighty well, my dear, and don't you make any mistake."

"That's a fact," returned his wife, pleasantly; "he's right too, about ordained ministers. There's no order or decency without them, that's certain." This was a hit at the local tailor, whom the good lady, to use her own words, simply

"couldn't abide." But that Franklin should have gained her approval—qualified as it was—raised him, not a little, in the opinion of Mr. Wallace. Truth to tell, domestic opposition had a good deal to do with the sincerity of his churchmanship—*valeat quantum*—and he saw hopes, dim and distant though they might at present appear, of his wife's ultimate conversion to *his* way of thinking; which was, after all, only his due as head of the house. It would, moreover, result in a considerable increase of his own importance, as one who proves to have the best of the argument, with a consequent increase of domestic peace. All of which, surely, was, from his point of view, much to be desired.

"'Tis clear Popery," the Presbyterian carpenter admitted, reluctantly, to his friend and crony, the rival, and Methodist, store-keeper, Perkins by name; a class leader of much repute among his sect.

"But you've made a mighty neat job of it, Mr. Jones," responded Perkins, alluding to the altar which had been fashioned by that devout, and money-getting, handicraftsman. "Pity it should be covered with those Popish trappings," he added, flatteringly. Jones owed him a long-standing account for nails and sundries, so he wanted to get him into a paying humour.

"Yes," sighed Jones, piously, "but 'tis a young man of great gifts, Mr. Perkins, sir, great gifts, for all his Puseyite errors."

"Yes, and he preaches sound Gospel doctrine," rejoined Perkins, who was fluent in the peculiar phrases of Evangelicalism. "Sound Gospel doctrine," is a term which defies definition—short of a treatise composed of minute negations—but, even when mixed with an alloy of Puseyism, or even of Popery pure and simple, it is like charity and covers a multitude of theological errors.

"That's so," assented Jones; "and Mr. Macpherson," the Presbyterian minister, "do preach such weary long discourses, 'tis a job for a hard-working man to keep awake."

"You're right, Mr. Jones, quite right," rejoined Perkins, who did not, moreover, by any means agree with the strict, old-fashioned, uncompromising Calvinism of Mr. Macpherson. Methodist Arminianism, and freedom of will, were, in his opinion, far more suitable to the dignity of human nature. The total depravity preached by his Presbyterian brother, was not

flattering to his self-esteem. Still, for the very good reason already stated, he did not *say* this to Jones, but added his own grievance. "And Mr. Tompkins," he said—his own minister—"ain't so regular of coming as he might be, and worries dreadful about his stipend." Perkins was treasurer and chief subscriber of the said exiguous stipend, which might, certainly, have been paid with a little more regularity.

"As for that tailor fellow," pursued Jones, with the invariable jealousy of one trade against another, "I can't stand him. He's no minister, anyway."

"Minister, no!" returned Perkins, emphatically; "who ever heard of his new-fangled notions till a few years ago?" Mr. Perkins, in his zeal against novelty in doctrine, apparently overlooked the comparatively recent origin of Methodism; perhaps he was unaware of the fact. Jones, whose Presbyterianism was two centuries older, did not remind him of it. That, he thought, would be unneighbourly.

"Come in and take a bit of dinner, Mr. Jones," said Perkins, hospitably, as they reached his door. Surely, a good dinner in the house of his patient creditor would make him think seriously of his little account, which had been standing so long that it must be tired by this time, to quote Ingoldsby's expression.¹

"Thank ye, Mr. Perkins, that I will," was the answer. But the bill remained standing, till Perkins, in sheer despair, sent it in again, with a gentle hint of, "payment will oblige." Which gentle hint estranged the cronies for several months.

All trifles, these, beyond a doubt. But, just as hopes of inducing Jones to pay his little account was the motive which chiefly led Perkins to ask him to take a bit of dinner; even so the weary length of Mr. Macpherson's discourses influenced Jones to incline to prefer the shorter and more interesting sermons of the Puseyite priest, his Puseyism and the Popish trappings of his, Jones', handiwork, notwithstanding. Mr. Tompkins' anxiety about his salary—even a preacher of the Gospel (according to Wesley) cannot live on air—which annoyed Mr. Perkins, to say nothing of his distaste for Calvinism unalloyed with modern concessions, led him to fall away, as his stricter co-religionists expressed it, to the ministrations of a gentleman—word of power, even in democratic Tasmania—who actually did not need a stipend. Not converts to be proud

¹ The phrase occurs, I believe, in a piece called, *A Rainy Day*.

of, at first sight ; but good men at heart, with all their little, and very human, shortcomings.

Concession, as remarked not long ago, begets concession. Franklin was careful in his preaching, as his people guessed, almost intuitively, and they were not altogether ungrateful for it. He avoided controversial topics, and preached a course of mission sermons, as he called them. His people, in the phraseology to which they were accustomed, spoke of them as "moving and powerful Gospel sermons ;" and with a generosity which astonished themselves and delighted Franklin, gave in, step by step, to practices which, a few weeks before, they would have denounced, and strenuously opposed as sheer Popery. They did not *like* them, now or at any other time—the older people, at all events. But they tolerated them, because they loved and admired him.

To Franklin, it was the very triumph of Catholic truth. Step by step he led them, in paths, dear and familiar to himself, strange and unfamiliar to them, but—to the younger people, at least—wonderfully pleasant and smooth. Practices which he had been forced to forego ever since he left the paradise of his uncle's "Catholic" village, which had been the scene of his first pastoral work till his health failed, he now introduced one by one. His people wondered at him, and wondered at themselves ; older clergy, holding much the same views as himself, but who had given them up as hopeless and impracticable, were at a loss to understand how "that young Franklin had made Catholics of the worst Protestants in the Island of Tasmania." The Dean of Launceston, and the Archdeacon, to whom he wrote constantly, detailing with boyish enthusiasm every point¹ gained, felt more and more confident, the further he advanced, that "he will never go over now (to Rome), he is too happy."

Nor did it seem likely. Those who counted on the responsibilities of office, to check his extreme notions, had never hoped for such success in Ritual as he had obtained in the course of a few months. They almost dreaded to bring him back to Alnwick, where he would, practically, have to begin all over again. But, surely—so they persuaded themselves—

¹ It might be as well to state, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that the "Six Points" claimed by the Ritualists in England—some years ago—were : 1. Eastward Position. 2. Altar Lights. 3. Vestments. 4. Incense. 5. Wafers (in lieu of ordinary bread). 6. Mixed Chalice. The order may not be quite correct, but the "points" are. A man, in my Anglican days, was said to have gained so many "points" according to the ritual in his church.—F.W.G.

several months of full Catholic doctrine and practice, such as Franklin had enjoyed, would give him fresh confidence in the Catholicity, *in posse*, of the Anglican communion, and make him eager to spread the truth among his own people, whom, as they knew, he had not forgotten, and who loved and remembered him still.

"Is it time to move him, do you think?" asked the Bishop, one wintry afternoon in July, 1877, when over a year had passed since Franklin had gone to Jericho Plains.

"I think so, my lord," answered the Archdeacon, to whom the question was addressed, and who, doubtless, understood its full significance.

"Will you write to the Dean, or shall I?" continued the Bishop, thoughtfully. The responsibility had come at last, if in a somewhat different form. There could be no question of love, now that a year had passed, and Edith was the mother of a baby boy; but it was a question of "will he succeed, as he has done in Tasmania, or will he go over in despair?"

"I will, my lord," said the Archdeacon, "if you will write to Franklin."

"Certainly," was the reply. "We must give him a free hand," the Bishop added, alluding to "Catholic" practice, "and all the support we can. There is no saying what he may not accomplish."

"You are right, my lord," rejoined the Archdeacon. "He puts some of us to shame," he said, half sadly, after a moment's pause.

"Youth, earnestness, and celibacy, will go far," returned the Bishop, "with all respect to your wife and mine, Archdeacon."

The Archdeacon smiled, more sadly than the joke seemed to merit. Was celibacy the better way for God's priest, after all?

If so, God help him—and many others! On the 25th of July, 1887, the *Australian Churchman* contained the following notice:

The Rev. G. Franklin, whose mission at Jericho Plains has proved such a remarkable success, has been made Rector of the new parish of Gateshead. This appointment meets with unanimous and complete approval in the diocese.

"My game, at last," said Major Belton; and thereafter discontinued his reading of the paper.

Reviews.

I.—THE NEWLY RECOVERED WORKS OF ST. JEROME.¹

THE editors of the Vienna *Corpus* of Latin ecclesiastical writers have been wise, it seems to us, in showing no haste to undertake the re-editing of the works of St. Jerome. Long before they have come to the end of the already considerable list of his authentic writings, the researches of Dom Germain Morin will have provided them with material to fill three or four more volumes of the size they are accustomed to issue. There is no scholar of our generation who has been so fortunate in recovering lost Patristic treasures of real interest, as the learned Benedictine of Maredsous. But "fortunate" is by no means the right word. The finds of Dom Morin belong to the class of what the Italians call, *casi che no sono casi*. Over and over again it has happened that manuscripts which have been in the hands of a whole succession of explorers have been laid aside as worthless until they yielded up their secret to the master who alone had skill to divine it.

The new volume of the *Anecdota Maredsolana*, consists chiefly of the commentaries of St. Jerome on certain of the Psalms, distinct from the *Commentarioli* previously published in the same series. To these are added some newly found homilies on the Gospel of St. Mark, one or two of which, as catechetical discourses delivered to the catechumens, are of exceptional interest. It had been the editor's intention to accompany this issue with the usual prefatory matter and a full index, when he unexpectedly discovered another series of similar commentaries on the Psalms, and he very naturally decided not to delay the volume almost ready for publication, but to defer all subsidiary explanations until the appearance of its successor.

¹ *Anecdota Maredsolana*, vol. iii. part ii. *Sti. Hieronymi Fresbyteri Tractatus sive Homiliae in Psalmos, &c.* Ed. Dom G. Morin, O.S.B. Maredsous, 1897.

We have too much confidence in Dom Germain Morin's critical sagacity to feel any doubt that he is right in attributing to St. Jerome the *inedita* which appear in the volume now before us. Still, it will be a pleasure to follow the process by which he establishes their claim to be the genuine progeny of the great Doctor. We may defer therefore any further comments upon this important patristic work until the whole has been given to the world in its final shape, only remarking that while St. Jerome is always interesting, the commentaries before us seem to be above the average in the number and variety of the points of contact with the religious history of that age. To all such matters the editor's concise notes do full justice.

2.—THE LETTERS OF B. PETER CANISIUS.¹

It is strange that in spite of the very prominent part which was played by Blessed Peter Canisius in the religious history of Europe in the sixteenth century, no serious attempt has yet been made to produce a worthy biography of this second Apostle of Germany. Probably one of the reasons which would help to account for this omission is to be found in the prodigious mass of material which has to be sifted before the biographer can in any way feel himself in a position to do justice to his subject. The enterprise of the publishing firm of Herder, and the patient diligence of Father Braunsberger, S.J., who has already devoted several years to the task, have now gone a long way to remove this preliminary obstacle. In printing *in extenso* the immense correspondence of Blessed Canisius, publisher and editor have undertaken, we fear, a rather thankless task, and yet it is one which German Christians of all denominations ought to feel to be in some sense a work of national importance. From beginning to end Canisius was the leading spirit of the counter-Reformation, and was in constant communication with all the religious leaders on the Catholic side, although from causes easy to explain, the letters addressed to his religious brethren of the Society of Jesus have been preserved in larger proportion than those to externs. In the present volume of nearly 900 pages are comprised some 214 letters belonging to the period 1541 to 1556, and the editor estimates

¹ *B. Petri Canisi, S.J., Epistulae et Acta.* Edidit Otto Braunsberger, S.J. Vol. i. Freiburg: Herder, 1896.

that six or seven volumes more will be needed to complete his task. The correspondence is edited with German thoroughness, and the introductions and annotations, which, like the letters themselves, are in Latin, must represent a prodigious amount of research. We heartily wish Father Braunsberger the health and leisure necessary to bring this great undertaking to its completion.

3.—THE STORY OF MARY AIKENHEAD.¹

The latest addition to the Quarterly Series is a Life of Mary Aikenhead, the Foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity. Mary Aikenhead was the daughter of a doctor, who practised at Cork towards the end of the last century. Himself a Protestant, he married a Catholic wife, but with the stipulation, which in those days of confusion seems to have been tolerated, that the children should be brought up Protestant. Mary Aikenhead fell a victim to this arrangement, although fortunately being put out to nurse with a pious and devoted Irish Catholic woman, she imbibed Catholic ideas from her infancy. At sixteen, after her father's death, she was received into the Church, and soon began to take interest in works of charity. Circumstances brought her under the notice of Archbishop Murray, who in 1810 was projecting the establishment of some Sisters of Charity in Ireland. He took the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul as his pattern, but desired to have an independent Congregation of Irish origin. Hence he fixed on Mary Aikenhead, and, having obtained her consent, somewhat reluctantly given, to be the pioneer of his new scheme, he sent her to the Bar Convent at York to make her noviceship. It was in 1815 that Mary Aikenhead and her companion, Sister Catherine Walsh, started their life in Dublin, where they took their vows on September 1st, and two days afterwards received their first postulant. The growth of the new Congregation from this modest beginning to its present wide extension is known throughout Ireland, and it is known also how fruitful the Sisters have been in good works. Mary Aikenhead was spared for nearly half a century to preside over its vigorous youth, and this little volume bears ample testimony to the striking gifts by which God had qualified her for her important vocation. There is another and larger Life of this

¹ *The Story of Mary Aikenhead.* By Maria Nethercott. Quarterly Series. London : Burns and Oates ; New York : Benziger.

zealous labourer in the vineyard, in the publication of which the late Father Coleridge was much interested. But it will assist much in making Mary Aikenhead's life and work known to have this smaller volume, which we cordially recommend to Catholic readers. The authoress has known how to make her story bright and interesting.

4.—PSYCHOLOGIE DES SAINTS.¹

This may serve, in a certain sense, as a key to the series of Saints' Lives to which it belongs—a series which aims at what might blamelessly be called a more rational rendering of hagiography than the taste and needs of other ages demanded. The author has already signalized himself by studies on the psychology of lower animals ; on the psychology of great men ; and on the psychology of criminals. He is not of those who derive the greater from the less, the higher from the lower, and mind from matter, and who are therefore constrained to explain all subnormal or supernormal phenomena of the soul from below, and not from above.

He complains justly, on the one hand, of those who would put the Saints outside every category of the knowable, and who count it sacrilege to study them as bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh ; on the other, of those whose vulgar self-sufficiency would explain sanctity and heroism, like everything else in Heaven and earth, according to their own crude materialistic hypotheses.

The different conceptions of sanctity prevailing with Buddhist, Mohammedan, Greek and Roman, Jew and Catholic, are skilfully compared and contrasted in the opening disquisition ; and the Protestant confusion of the saint with the "great man," is carefully guarded against. False notions of mysticism are also exploded by an exposition of *le mysticisme véritable—autrement dit, l'amour de Dieu.*

On the relation of natural character and temperament to sanctity, the writer is again very satisfactory, avoiding the two vicious extremes, already referred to, of a fallacious divorce on the one side, and of a not less mischievous identification on the other. Statistics as to longevity seem to show that austerity is not necessarily "the destruction of the flesh," and that even the

¹ *Psychologie des Saints.* Par Henri Joly. Paris: Victor Lecoffre, 1897. 12mo, 195 pp.

sedentary life of the contemplative saints runs into the seventies more frequently than happens with other classes. In truth, it is partly worry, and partly bad living, that shortens life ; so that the saints have *à priori* a better chance.

Poverty of imagination on the part of biographers has given us a sort of *commune sanctorum* in such wise, that outside five or six types there seems no further variety to be looked for in saints' lives. But, in fact, sanctity is not a mould into which the soul is pressed at the sacrifice of its individuality of outline. Contrariwise, it is itself something poured into the soul, and taking the contour of its personality not only in great things, but in small. This again is well and happily insisted on. We cannot attempt, in the compass of a short review, to do justice to the author's acute discussion as to points to which our improved knowledge of hypnosis and kindred phenomena can carry us in explaining ecstasy, visions, second-sight, and other extraordinary accompaniments of heroic sanctity. To explain, is not to explain away. If, for example, we were to explain "possession" as the relation of the possessed to an unseen hypnotiser, we should have reduced the facts in some little way to the region of the known, but should not have explained them away.

Sanctity, the author concludes, is not, like hysteria, a disarrangement of the mental forces giving rise to the phenomena idly explained as "double personality ;" but an equally, or rather more, uncommon concentration of them in obedience to a consciously and freely dominant thought and purpose, altogether different from the possible subjection of the overwrought mind to an *idée fixe*. It is not due to a narrowing, but to a widening of the field of consciousness ; not to weakness, but to strength of insight and will. But the author keeps the good wine till the end ; and his chapter on *La sensibilité, l'amour, et l'action*, will give abundant satisfaction on a point too often deplorably misunderstood.

5.—MEMOIR OF MRS. URQUHART.¹

Perhaps it is a characteristic of our day, to find objects of interest and art in what, being near and of daily occurrence, is overlooked by the many whose sentiments are stirred only by

¹ *Memoir of Mrs. Urquhart.* By M. C. Bishop. London : Kegan Paul, 1897. 8vo, 404 pp.

the strange and gigantesque. The flower in the crannied wall, has as much to tell us as all the vegetation of the tropics. Our novelists and poets have sent us from the castle to the cottage, to study humanity at its best. We have learnt that every-day life has its charm, if we have but eyes to see it and skill to express it. Children's first rush is to the lion-house, but their sedate elders find more diversion in the guileless pelican, or the inscrutable chameleon. No apology is now necessary for writing the life of the man in the street, provided it be well written so as to give us an insight into that curiosity of curiosities, a human soul; still less, for writing the life of the devout and accomplished Catholic lady, who is the theme of Mrs. Bishop's skilful and attractive memoir. It is not as merely the wife of David Urquhart, whose strong originality and genius won for him the celebrity of a propagandist, to whose views it was impossible to be indifferent, and neither hostile nor sympathetic; it is not as merely the wife of such a man, that she derives a reflected note-worthiness; but, as one who believed in him thoroughly, and married him because she believed in him; who worked with him intelligently and energetically; whose life accordingly is inextricably bound up with his; so that we have practically a double biography in the same volume. The impression left upon the mind is that of sincerity, unselfishness, and of faultless fidelity to conscience.

6.—GENERAL METAPHYSICS.¹

Father Delmas may be described as a Suaresian-Thomist, the Suaresian element in his book being, however, stronger than that which is ordinarily recognized as Thomist. His work is marked throughout by a completeness and clearness which well merit for it a place on the library shelves of every philosophical Seminary; though perhaps its bulk—880 pp. 8vo.—may exclude it from the number of class text-books of ontology.

After a careful examination of the proofs adduced by Realists, Father Delmas rejects a real distinction between Essence and Existence; and, without devoting much space to the attempt to prove that St. Thomas was a Virtualist, he has endeavoured to point out that the question of the distinction is not one of primary importance in St. Thomas's metaphysics.

¹ *Ontologia.* Auctore P. Carolo Delmas, S.J. Parisiis: Victor Retaux, Via Bonaparte 82. 8vo, 880 pp. 1896.

The famous Suaresian *modes* are explained as simply as the subtlety of the subject admits, and recourse is had to them in dealing with action and passion, motion, ubication, and the union of matter and form. The treatise on Possibles seems to us particularly full and lucid. We give the following proof of the *dictum*, "Actus et potentia dividunt ens commune," as an example of the short arguments and terse style to be met with in parts of the book: "Entia creata vel existunt, vel existere possunt; in statu priori sunt actus; in altero potentia; ergo actus et potentia ens creatum dividunt."¹

Though Father Delmas holds *materia signata* to be the principle of individuation, he explains his tenet in such a way as is consistent with the multiplication of angels in the same species, which he asserts in thesis xxx. to be possible. He furnishes a collection of hints useful for the solution of difficulties against the more important theses—the difficulties themselves being usually proposed and answered in scholastic form. An interesting treatise on *Æsthetics* closes the text, which is followed by an excellent subject index.

7.—A NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.²

We have received a second edition of Father Pesch's Natural Philosophy. It differs in no point of doctrine from the first edition of 1880, but the work now appears in a handier form, being split up into two volumes of four hundred pages each. The first contains theses dealing with the false systems of dynamists and others respecting the constitution of bodies and establishing the scholastic doctrine of hylomorphism. The second discusses quantity, space, time, miracles, and the origin and evolution of the world. A full index and analytical scheme of the work adds much to its utility.

8.—TWO COMMENTARIES ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.

Two volumes of commentary on the New Testament lie before us, one on the *Acts of the Apostles*,³ by the Archbishop

¹ P. 140.

² *Institutiones Philosophiae Naturalis secundum principia Sti. Thomæ*. Tilmannus Pesch, S.J. Editio Altera. Friburgi Brisgoviae: Sumptibus Herder, 1897. Two vols, 8vo.

³ *The Acts of the Apostles*. By His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

of Tuam, Dr. MacEvilly, the other on the *Gospel of St. John*,¹ by Dr. MacRory, the Professor of Sacred Scripture at Maynooth. The Archbishop with this volume almost completes his exposition of the New Testament—we say “almost,” for we believe he has not as yet given us a volume on the Apocalypse, but perhaps that is to follow. His Grace’s method is by this time known and appreciated. We do not need therefore to do more than announce his new volume to our readers. Dr. MacRory, in a Preface, explains the object he has had in view. The Scripture course at Maynooth was remodelled some years ago in the sense of requiring that a larger portion of Scripture should be expounded in the year, and hence that the exposition should be of a more summary kind. This pointed to the desirability of some shorter commentaries for the use of the students, and it is such a commentary which the author has aimed at producing. In spite, however, of these self-imposed limits, he has contrived to give his readers a very considerable amount of assistance in his notes, which besides comments of an exegetical kind, furnish also a good deal of theological exposition, and occasionally branch out into critical discussions. If, as we clearly may, we take this volume as a specimen of the Scriptural training given to Maynooth students, it is evident that their training is of a good, solid kind.

9.—A BENEDICTION SERVICE.²

In *A Benediction Service*, by Mr. S. Moorat, what first catches the eye and calls for a tribute of praise is Mr. Woodruffe’s title-page. He certainly understands his art, for he has skilfully done three things at once. He has succeeded in arresting the attention, ornamenting the page, and giving a graphic foretaste of the harmonies contained within, but the process has been rather hard on the drapery of his figures. As far as we dare pronounce a positive judgment on a subject like music, where tastes so often differ, we should speak warmly in praise of Mr. Moorat’s music. It is both melodious and dignified, and so fulfils the main qualifications for church-music. The parts, moreover, are well adapted for the voices for which they are written.

¹ *The Gospel of St. John.* With Notes critical and explanatory. By the Rev. Joseph MacRory, D.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture and Hebrew, Maynooth College. Dublin: Browne and Nolan.

² *A Benediction Service.* By S. Moorat. With Title-page designed by Paul Woodruffe. London: Burns and Oates, 1897.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

*A Long Probation*¹ is a beautiful story of a foundling who falls into the kindest hands, and is led by the force of circumstances and the various influences under which he falls through a probation, which has the effect of ennobling his character, whereas had he not suffered misfortune in his infancy, there was too much reason to fear lest he should have grown up a heartless and dissolute man. The interest is well sustained from beginning to end, the sentiment is thoroughly Catholic, and the characters are deftly drawn. There are several of them which quite win our hearts—the old Curé, Uncle Tom, Michel and Rachel, and the two Counts D'Heugleville. The author knows too—what is somewhat rare nowadays—how to obtain an interesting plot and secure its easy development without lapsing into improbabilities.

The remaining volumes of *Short Lives of the Saints for every day of the year*² are now before us. To those who have not seen the first volume, we may explain that in addition to the older and more generally known names, the recently beatified English Martyrs all receive notices on their respective feast-days. The three volumes are therefore just what an English Catholic likes, and they are sure to be welcome, for the author has succeeded where many fail—in making his Lives short, interesting, and judicious.

*L'Eglise orthodoxe Greco-Russe*³ is a translation from the German into French. It is a criticism from a Catholic point of view of M. Maltzew's *Dogmatische Erörterungen*, a book in which the latter explains Russian teaching and usages to the Western world, comparing them with Catholicism and Protestantism. It may be of use to some of those who are anxious to learn why it is that a Church which is so like the Catholic

¹ *A Long Probation*. By Henry Gibbs. London: Burns and Oates.

² *Short Lives of the Saints*. Vols. II. and III. By the Rev. Henry Gibson. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company; London: Catholic Truth Society; New York: Benziger Brothers.

³ *L'Eglise orthodoxe Greco-Russe*. J. B. Röhlan, Chanoine de Passau. Traduit par E. M. Ommer. Brussels: S. hepens.

Church in all save one or two small matters, cannot see its way to unite with her.

*Summer talks about Lourdes*¹ is an account of some of the miracles which have made Lourdes so famous, as narrated by a mother to her little daughter of eight. The stories are prettily told. The title of the *Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary*² tells its own tale, but its speciality is that it has been drawn up for the use of the Sodalists at St. Francis Xavier's, New York. Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D.'s name is sufficient warrant for a tract entitled, *The Daily Life of a Religious*.³ It gives, as we learn from the Preface, the substance of some exhortations to novices. It will be a useful little handbook for young Religious. *The Primitive Legend of St. Antony of Padua*⁴ is a translation of the recently discovered Life of the Saint, written in the fourteenth century by Friar John Peckham, who became Archbishop of Canterbury. *The Great Pardon of Assisi* is, as its name implies, a history of the Portiuncula, of its origin, and of the good work it has done. In three little volumes, *A Lady and her Letters, Making Friends and keeping them, Questions of Honour in the Christian Life*,⁵ Miss Katherine E. Conway suggests some useful thoughts on these three points. One, we see, is dedicated to some Children of Mary, and it is Children of Mary who are most likely to profit by such hints on conduct. The Catholic Truth Society sends us another volume⁶ of the Peacock Blue Series, and *An Enemy of our Race*,⁷ an interesting temperance tract by the late Sir Andrew Clarke.

II.—MAGAZINES.

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (3rd Quarter, 1897.)

The Authority of the Church in Modern Controversies. *Father Stenstrup, S.J.* The University of Dillingen and its

¹ *Summer talks about Lourdes*. By C. M. Caddell. London: Burns and Oates.

² *Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary*. Apostleship of Prayer. New York: 25—29, West Sixteenth Street.

³ *The Daily Life of a Religious*. By Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.B. London: Art and Book Company.

⁴ *Short Lives of Franciscan Saints*. V. *The Primitive Legend of St. Antony of Padua*. VI. *The Great Pardon of Assisi*.

⁵ Family Sitting-room Series. Boston: Pilot Publishing Company. ⁶ Vol. xxxiv.

⁷ *An Enemy of our Race*. By Sir Andrew Clarke, M.D. London: Catholic Truth Society, 69, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.

Graduates. *E. Horn.* Cattaneo, a Model for Preachers. *M. Gatterer, S.J.* Palestrina and Lasso. *J. Weidinger, S.J.* Reviews, &c.

STUDIEN UND MITTHEILUNGEN. (2nd Quarter.)

The Greek Martyrologies. *Dom. J. Veith.* Wanderings in the East. *Dr. T. Weikert.* The Pontifical of Gundacar. *Dom B. Ponschab.* The Beginnings of Devotion to our Blessed Lady. *Dom B. Plaine.* Reviews, &c.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (August.)

Art in Belgium (illustrated). *E. Périer.* Bayreuth. *J. G. Freson.* Father van Tricht. *C. Godenne.* The Brussels Exhibition of 1897. *H. van Doorslaer.* Father Hecker. *V. Müller.* Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (August.)

The Marks of the True Church. *Dr. Englert.* Contrition in the Sacrament of Penance and the Catholic Catechisms from 1400 to 1700. *Dr. J. Mausbach.* Cardinal Moran. *Dr. A. Bellesheim.* Byzantine Studies. *Dr. Max Heimbucher.* Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (August 7.)

St. Ambrose and the Rights of the Church. The Pelasgic Hittites. Questions before Parliament affecting the Church.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (August.)

Montalembert. *H. Beaune.* Home Life and the United States. *J. Rambaud.* Catholicism and Progress. *Abbé Delfour.* The recently-discovered Sayings of Jesus. *E. Jacquier.* Recent Archaeology and Hagiography. *J. B. Martin.* Reviews, &c.

THE ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (August 5.)

The Last Years of our Blessed Lady. *A. M. de la Broise.* The Reply of the Anglican Archbishops. *F. Tournebize.* The World of Mathematics. *A. Poulain.* Newman's Sermons. *H. Bremond.* Another Word about the Protestants of Madagascar. *J. Brucker.* Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (August.)

The Origin of the Ember Days. *Dom E. Morin.* Denis the Carthusian. *C. V. d. B.* The Thirteenth Centenary of the Coming of St. Augustine. *A. P.* Benedictine News. *Dom U. Berlière.* Reviews, &c.

